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The Shape of Things

THE TOLERANCE SHOWN IN BRITAIN SINCE the beginning of the war for various pacifist and pro-Nazi groups has come to an end. Revelations of the active treachery of fascist bodies in Holland have made imperative preventive measures which, unhappily, are bound to affect the innocent as well as the guilty. Clearly, a majority of the Germans now being interned in Britain are genuine refugees with every interest in the defeat of Hitler. But the Nazis have not scrupled to introduce their own agents under the guise of refugees, often with identity papers taken from men they have murdered in their concentration camps. More important is the action taken in the past week against domestic enemies, including Sir Oswald Mosley and his British Union of Fascists. This party has made little headway with its propaganda, but it has recruited some thousands of members, including a considerable number of out-and-out gangsters prepared to go to any lengths to turn Britain into a fascist country. Further measures have also been taken both in England and Eire to check the I. R. A., which now appears to be directly allied with Berlin. Another important arrest is that of Archibald Ramsay, M.P., a well-connected landowner, an active anti-Semite, and a vociferous rooter for Franco. So far the only action taken against the Communist Party has been the arrest of one leading member and the ban on a demonstration —which suggests that even in this grave hour the government is not yielding to panic. Communist propaganda is irritating but has cut little ice. Nor are party members likely to give direct aid to Hitler by way of espionage or sabotage. Full-fledged treachery is apt to hide behind more respectable and patriotic fronts than communism.

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THREATENED BY INVASION AND FACED BY the possibility of a military defeat which would leave them impoverished and enslaved, the British people have grimly accepted a suspension of their liberties. The Emergency Powers Defense Act has been loosely described here as a measure of dictatorship for Premier Churchill. But the extraordinary powers it confers have been granted, not to a single person, but to a government representative of all major parties. Moreover, they have been granted by a Parliament which retains the right to question, to criticize, and to overthrow the government. Hence it is unnecessary to assume that Britain has abandoned democracy forever. If defeat comes, there can be little doubt that permanent dictatorship will be the British lot, but if the present acute danger is overcome, we have good reason to suppose that restoration of liberties will follow. The special powers enabling the government to conscript labor and property are all the more necessary now because under the Chamberlain government production had been allowed to fall far behind the tempo demanded by total war. According to the London *Economist,* planning was frequently confined to the final stages of production with little coordination of the equally vital sub-contracting industries. Moreover, only the most elementary steps had been taken to mobilize Britain's large reserves of labor. Yet it is in the factories that the war will be lost or won. It is hardly logical to conscript lives for the battlefields while leaving the home front to hit-or-miss methods of organization.

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THE PRESIDENT'S SUNDAY NIGHT FIRESIDE talk on national defense did two things extremely well. It dispelled several persistent myths about the present state of our military establishment, and it effectively quashed the hopes of reactionaries that the new defense program could be used as a means of liquidating the New Deal. Taken as a whole the speech was a moving and convincing presentation of the position of America in the world and of the measures necessary to strengthen that position. But the President omitted one major theme that should in our opinion have been stressed. He said nothing at all about the urgent need of speeding up and multiplying our aid to the Allies. An American defense program cannot be realistically considered apart from the outcome of the war in Europe. If the Allies win, our problem is wholly different from that which will face us in the event of a Nazi victory. If the Allies win, the magnitude and tempo of our defense measures can

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be enormously decreased: we shall have one coast to defend instead of two; the protection of the southern half of the hemisphere will be less difficult and less urgent; Canada will continue as a vast safety zone instead of becoming an exposed frontier; our trade will not be threatened with totalitarian methods of attack. All other considerations aside, an Allied victory will be worth many billions to the United States in battleships and tanks and bombers. The President should have explained clearly to the whole country that aid to the Allies is more than an altruistic expression of sympathy for the victims of Nazi aggression; it is an integral part of a program of American defense—the first and most important emergency measure in such a program.

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THE BELIEF THAT SHEER SELF-INTEREST should persuade this country to help the Allies in every way possible "short of war" is beginning to spread. The Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, organized by William Allen White, has attracted support from influential citizens of all shades of political opinion. They agree that "the time has come when the United States should throw its economic and moral weight on the side of the nations of Western Europe." The question of how effective aid can be rendered is, however, a difficult one, for time is of the essence in the present acute danger of the Allies. Thus lifting the ban on credit or even the free gift of planes would be of little use until aircraft production is further increased. The latest authoritative figures place at 2,300 the number of planes actually delivered to the Allies since the outbreak of the war. But these are deliveries on this side of the ocean, and there is reason to believe that shortage of freight space has delayed shipments to Europe. This problem too will not be solved by credit. Nevertheless, we believe that the Johnson Act ought to be repealed if only by way of encouraging the Allies and removing their fear of exhausting dollar resources. In this connection we note that the latest Gallup poll now records a 51 per cent vote in favor of selling aircraft on credit. Probably an even larger proportion would be willing to make loans available for food supplies. The millions of refugees and the devastation of some of the most productive land of France have created a grave new problem. Large-scale assistance in this direction from an America burdened with surplus crops would be sensible as well as humane.

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THE $1,120,000,000 RELIEF BILL PASSED BY the House last week was, despite two good amendments, even worse than last year's outrageous measure. Heed was given to the President's plea for elimination of the clause limiting to $50,000 the federal contribution to any WPA project. The provision in the present law requiring unpaid furloughs of WPA workers who have been employed eighteen months was modified by exempting heads of families forty-five years of age or older. But the remaining reactionary features of the present law were retained. The ban on theater projects remains, as does the clause discriminating against aliens. Stampeded by the current "fifth column" hysteria, the House went even farther and attached an amendment requiring all WPA employees to submit affidavits that they are members of neither the Communist Party nor the German-American Bund. The dangerous implications of this amendment can hardly be exaggerated. Denial of relief to aliens is thoroughly inhumane, but when this restriction is extended to Americans belonging to minority groups not in themselves illegal it strikes at the very heart of the Bill of Rights. We trust that the Senate will perform the function for which it was created and protect the country against the hasty action of the House.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF SUMNER T. PIKE TO the SEC, succeeding Commissioner George C. Matthews, has received the blessing of Wall Street, but a blessing faintly tinged with suspicion. Mr. Pike fits almost exactly the specifications of investment bankers and utility magnates. He is a "practical" business man with wide experience both in Wall Street and in the oil industry. He has been a member of the famous utility-engineering firm of Stone and Webster and a vice-president of Case, Pomeroy, one of the most respected houses in the Street. Yet some of the comments in the financial columns betray a slight uneasiness because Mr. Pike's appointment is known to be approved not only by Leon Henderson but by that horrendous team of Corcoran and Cohen. Conversely, this fact is reassuring to liberals, to whom Mr. Pike's background does not, by itself, constitute a recommendation. During the past year the new commissioner has been assisting Harry Hopkins as a "dollar-a-year" man, and since February he has been representing the Department of Commerce on the TNEC. In this work he has impressed his colleagues by his independence and open-mindedness. There is an old adage about poachers turned gamekeepers, the truth of which, we hope, will be confirmed in this instance.

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IN RELIGIOUS AS IN LABOR CASES THE requirement of a police permit for otherwise lawful activities is easily abused and may become a means of censorship and suppression. It is on these grounds—similar to those in the Jersey City case—that Justice Roberts for a unanimous Supreme Court has reversed the conviction of three members of Jehovah's Witnesses. They had been found guilty under a Connecticut law of

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soliciting funds for religious purposes in New Haven without a permit and playing before Roman Catholics a phonograph record attacking their church. On the first count Justice Roberts said it would be an interference with religious liberty to permit a state authority to define what is a religious cause and to make the solicitation of funds for a religious purpose dependent on the grant of a license by such authority. On the second count the court made it clear that it was upholding only the right to persuade, not a right to incite breaches of the peace. It found "no assault or threatening of bodily harm, no truculent bearing, no intentional discourtesy, no personal abuse . . . only an effort to persuade a willing listener to buy a book . . . in the interest of what Cantwell [the Jehovah's Witness preacher], however misguided others may think him, conceived to be true religion." The truth is not safe where government may decide what is error.

*

JOHN STRACHEY'S DECISION TO SEVER relations with the Communists is more than just another casualty among the fellow-travelers. His popularizations of Communist doctrine have been a major educational force for the party, and if he was not a blood brother in the fraternity he served as a valuable liaison between the comrades and the outside world. Faithful to the traditional delicacy of *Daily Workers* everywhere, the British Communist organ has rushed into print with the tardy revelation that Strachey was something of a rotter all along, but whether or not his going is a loss to the party is less important than the reasons for the break. Strachey still maintains the anti-war position which he has held since hostilities began, and in his criticism of the Communists, which appears in the *New Statesman and Nation* of April 27, he agrees substantially with them "as to the general character of the war." In doing so, it seems to us, he refutes the *Worker's* innuendo that his attack is motivated by considerations of personal safety. Strachey believes that the Communists have moved from opposition to the "imperialist war" to a definite interest in a German victory; that they are prepared "for the sake of what they consider the interest of the Soviet Union, to give way to Hitler to any extent." In their reply the editors of the *Worker* deny all bias with that Communist objectivity that equates the British seizure of Iceland with the German seizure of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg. But, they point out, "working-class fighters must judge the line of fight and where to strike the hardest blows. Ours are directed against the enemy nearest to us, Chamberlain and Co." That may be good Lenin and Liebknecht, as the comrades say it is, but they should not be outraged if the "enemy nearest to them" treats them as effective allies of Hitler and Co.

IMMEDIATE JAPANESE ENTRY INTO THE WAR on the side of Germany is being demanded by numerous fascist groups in Tokyo. Supported by a considerable section of the press, the powerful East Asia Construction League, headed by Admiral Suetsugu, former Home Secretary, has urged the government to abandon its policy of neutrality and "take its place with the totalitarians." The drive gained impetus when Germany announced early last week that it was not interested in the East Indies problem. This the Japanese extremists have interpreted as a "blank power of attorney" giving Japan a free hand in the East. It is doubtful, however, whether Japan is strong enough to launch an attack on the East Indies while deeply involved in China. Consequently we may expect further efforts to obtain a truce, or even a peace agreement, with China. The chief barrier to Japanese expansion in the South Seas at the expense of the Western powers, apart from involvement in China, is admittedly the United States. Although this country has made no threats and issued no clear statement of policy covering that area, the presence of the American fleet in the western Pacific speaks the language which Japan understands best.

Britain's Peril

SINCE their drive to the Channel, the Nazis have been smacking their lips audibly over the prospect of invading and devastating England. At Calais, where the straits are little more than twenty miles wide, they can see the white cliffs of Dover; and from this point their fast bombers can reach London in a bare half-hour. Little wonder that they should be hoping to succeed where Napoleon failed, armed as they are with weapons of which he never dreamed. Nevertheless, even if the German army succeeds in defeating the Allied forces bottled up in Flanders, it is still likely to find the task of invading England a formidable one.

It may be that the present loud talk is mainly propaganda intended to encourage defeatism in Britain and to curb the dispatch of reinforcements to France. If Weygand's attempt to cut the Nazi corridor fails, the logical next step for the Germans would be to turn south again in an effort to capture Paris and force France to make a separate peace. They would then be able to command the whole Channel, increasing their chances of landing an army in England and, in any case, placing them in a position to subject the island kingdom to long-distance siege.

As long as the British navy survives—and it is still very far from being put out of commission—the landing of an expeditionary force in decisive numbers on British shores presents a problem which even German military efficiency and daring may be unable to solve. It is true

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that, with German bombers based on the French coast and with the possibility of mounting heavy guns near Calais, the Straits of Dover have become a dangerous spot for warships. Probably British battleships and large cruisers will have to be kept away, but in any case their principal job is to guard the wider expanses of the North Sea. In the narrow waters of the Channel the watch will be maintained by swift destroyers, motor torpedo-boats (which are not a German monopoly), and submarines. In addition, Nazi transports heading for the British coast would be exposed to mine fields, air attack, and coastal batteries. Unless, therefore, the Germans can establish absolute air supremacy and destroy all of Britain's southern ports and shore defenses it is difficult to see how the proposed invasion is to be carried out. Rear Admiral Yates Sterling, writing in the New York *Times,* points out that an expeditionary force using Channel harbors could only employ comparatively light vessels. To ferry across an army of half a million and its equipment would require an armada of 500 ships, which would have to be assembled, loaded, sailed, and unloaded while all the time subject to fierce attack.

It is expected, of course, that an attempt would be made to support such an invasion with an advance force of parachute troops. But this form of attack has lost its element of surprise, and it is questionable if it can score more than minor successes unless it can depend on large numbers of fifth columnists. In Holland the Nazis had organized many thousands of their own nationals, and they had the support of a comparatively numerous Dutch fascist party. In Britain, at best, they could count on far smaller contingents, and the precautionary measures now being taken will probably deprive them of all but a handful of auxiliaries.

The fact that the danger of an early invasion may be exaggerated does not mean, however, that Britain's position has not some very perilous aspects. For although the Germans may not be able to cross the Channel themselves, they are well placed to hinder or possibly even forbid its use to merchant shipping. This would still be true even if they were driven out of the Channel ports as long as they hold Holland. Consequently the value of the port of London, which handles far more of Britain's sea-borne trade than any other center, is gravely diminished. The possibility of this development has long been foreseen, and several years ago the government was urged to develop and enlarge western ports which are less vulnerable. Unfortunately, there is reason to believe that little heed was taken of these warnings, and now that a large part of Britain's vital foreign trade will have to be concentrated at Bristol, Cardiff, Liverpool, and some minor west-coast ports, congestion and delay are certain to ensue. As long as the Irish Sea and the approaches from the Atlantic can be kept comparatively free from submarines and bombers, this need not prove fatal. But the enhanced importance of the west coast serves to explain the growing anxiety about the position of Ireland. If with the aid of the I. R. A., which has the makings of a really formidable fifth column, the Nazis could establish air and submarine bases in Ireland, Britain would be invested on all sides.

Under these circumstances supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials might begin to run low, and if at the same time massive air attacks were launched on Britain's crowded cities, a real danger of demoralization and disorganization might develop. Competent observers feel that many people in Britain do not even yet take the perils of the bomber sufficiently seriously. Up to now the country has experienced only minor raids, chiefly on well-defended naval bases. The defense has yet to be subjected to devastating attacks of the kind which left Rotterdam in ruins, and until these occur, it will not have been thoroughly tested. But it is persistent, large-scale air raids, made perhaps simultaneously from Norway on Scotland and from Holland on London and the Midlands, that are Britain's most immediate peril—air raids which would strike at ports, air fields, railroad centers, factories, and, incidentally if not deliberately, at congested centers of population. If by such means Britain's economic life and internal communications could be hamstrung, then the danger of invasion would become a reality.

Twofold Defense Needed

THE people of the United States need two defense programs, one to build up our army, navy, and air force, the other to protect social and economic reform legislation in the process. For it is clear that big business sees the new defense program as an excellent excuse and a favorable opportunity for the revision—the revision into impotence—of New Deal reforms. It was good to hear the President, in his fireside talk on Sunday night, take cognizance of the trend and express his determination to combat it. While Mr. Roosevelt intimated that he would not look with too friendly an eye on strikes that interfered with the defense program, he also made it clear that under no circumstances would he permit relaxing of the wage-hour law or the Walsh-Healey Act in the name of national defense, and he pointedly referred to the legal provisions protecting collective bargaining. The best way to prevent strike interference with defense needs is to enforce strict observance of the rights of labor in industries working on armament orders, particularly in the aviation industry, which has none too good a labor record.

Not only the wage-hour law and the Walsh-Healey Act are targets of the current campaign to ditch reform

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in the name of defense. Free enterprise is being called the best national defense, and the slogan is designed to bring about nothing less than repeal or emasculation of the whole range of New Deal reforms. That freedom of enterprise is part of the national well-being on which our defense depends is true, but the propagandistic use of the phrase is another example of the benefits to be reaped by giving a bad dog a good name. For the aim of the campaign is not to preserve true freedom of enterprise but to repeal legislation which has sought to protect a genuine free enterprise from the operations of the financial and industrial brigand. Speeches at the meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board held last week in New York indicate that those running this campaign are confusing freedom of enterprise with freedom of exploitation.

Virgil Jordan, president of the Conference Board, said that New Deal policies had weakened the nation's ability to meet the crisis. One wonders whether the nation would have been in a stronger position had we elected a Hoover instead of a Roosevelt in 1932 to let the jobless go hungry and malefactors of great wealth go unpunished. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., of General Motors, thought the defense program ought to be placed in the hands of "those possessing the technical knowledge and experience to assume such a great responsibility unencumbered by the demoralizing influence of political considerations." We don't know what that means, but we hope it does not mean that big business ought not to be hampered by labor or profit restrictions in the defense program. The history of past defense programs is a history of shameless profiteering at the nation's expense. Defense will be weakened, not strengthened, by removing the safeguards that protect the public as worker, consumer, investor, and taxpayer.

The extent of the strengthen-defense-by-ditching-reform program was indicated by John K. Starkweather, chairman of the Federal Legislation Committee of the Investment Bankers' Association. In his address before the Conference Board Starkweather cited not only the wage-hour law but high-income and corporate taxation, the Holding Company Act, and "indirect interference with bank investments," as examples of interference with enterprise.

"At last," says the *Financial Reporter,* the security dealers' weekly, "the day of reckoning has arrived!" It feels that our national defense has been weakened by "the actions and efforts of a brazen handful of embryonic young barristers bent upon obstructionist persecution and juvenile witch-hunting . . . goaded onward by the President." It wants to get back to the good old days when an investment banker "did not have to become criminally liable for every possible mistake of reputable technical advisers." These are the terms in which Wall Street is thinking. We are glad that the President spoke out firmly and unequivocally and made it clear that these are not the terms on which our defense program is being conceived. It is not its Insulls and its Girdlers that make a nation strong, but a contented people with a decent standard of living.

Let in the Refugees!

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

SLOWLY American isolationism crumbles in the heat of the struggle in France and Belgium. Understanding is coming to take the place of complacency and detachment. In some quarters, high and low, panic is threatening to overwhelm understanding. But panic is nothing more than an unfortunate by-product of a necessary reaction. Women who waste time forming rifle clubs to deal with parachutists, legislators and local officials who propose laws to penalize aliens—these form the hysterical fringe. America had to wake up. Even now it is stirring itself too slowly to be of much use in helping to prevent immeasurable catastrophe in Europe. But the new mood of awareness is growing, and the Administration should take advantage of it.

What can we do to help the Allies resist Hitler?

We can send planes and guns and even ships—but planes most of all. We can provide credit for their purchase, or we can give them away if the Allies come short of funds or hesitate to place orders. We can offer some of our own equipment, as Senator Pepper proposed, if our factories are unable to turn out new machines fast enough. We can provide ships if Allied ships are insufficient to get the goods over there in quantities and in time. We can do all this, and we should—now.

But we can do one other great service, and I wish Mr. Roosevelt would give the idea his personal support. We can lower our immigration restrictions and take in refugees from Holland and Belgium and France and the other invaded and occupied countries.

Today millions of people are struggling along bomb-swept roads in a desperate, hopeless attempt to keep ahead of the invaders. The very machines of Allied defense are bogged down in this sluggish stream of terrified human beings, moving blindly away from danger, facing danger as they move. On foot, in cars and carts, and on crowded trains, often under the harrying attack of Nazi planes, they seek refuge—refuge where none is to be found. France has taken in hundreds of thousands from the Low Countries, but in the midst of its own struggle for life it cannot possibly provide shelter and food for everyone; it cannot even provide safety.

In case of Allied victory most of these people will go home. Their villages may be no more than a heap of stones, but with the endless patience of their kind they will again build up their lives and their houses, and

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existence will somehow go on. Even if the invaders should stay, many of the refugees would return to their homes, eager to cling to what they have as long as the guns are silent and a living can be made. But others will never dare go back to face a regime that neither forgives opposition nor tolerates resistance. The opponents of fascism and its appointed victims—trade unionists, Socialists, Free Masons, Jews—will have to keep out of reach until Hitlerism is destroyed. Still others will simply be stranded without homes or possessions. Thousands of children have been orphaned.

Where shall they go? France and Britain, whatever the fortunes of war, cannot support a population of refugees. Even today French people are themselves refugees from the occupied parts of France.

The United States can help by sending millions of dollars and shiploads of clothing and food to the victims of Hitler's invasions. But it can help far more by permitting large-scale immigration from all the invaded countries. The barriers should be leveled except for persons who are properly under suspicion as undesirables. Or, if Congress flinches from such wholesale relief, the combined quotas from each country for the next five years should be admitted at once. Or temporary visas should be granted, good for the duration of the war; when the war is ended, the fate of the immigrants can be decided according to the fate of their countries.

Fear of a "fifth column" should not deter the United States from opening its doors to the refugees. That fear is already being used as a handy excuse for promoting dubious measures of protection. It is a bitter irony that men like Dies and Reynolds should stand up in the Senate and propose fascist-inspired laws in the name of protecting the country from foreign agents and subversive elements. Dies wants an additional appropriation of $100,000 to finance a study of "fifth-column activities." Will this cover the activities of his own reactionary supporters and friends, such men as the pro-Franco Merwin K. Hart, or Charles Coughlin, or the anti-Semite James True? Representative Dies also wants to reduce the present immigration quotas by one-third and for five years admit only husbands, wives, and minor children of American citizens. Perhaps he is afraid of the dilution of our population by a horde of European anti-fascists.

Senator Bridges has introduced a bill to prohibit aliens from buying or possessing any sort of weapon. Representative Thomas of New Jersey, one of the solidest reactionaries in the lower house, has attacked Attorney General Jackson as a notorious coddler of aliens and has demanded that the FBI be removed from the corrupting influence of the Department of Justice so that it can do its work of uncovering sedition without radical interference.

It would be foolish to assume that no danger of fascist penetration exists in the United States. Events in Europe have only dramatized the known activities of the followers of Hitler and Mussolini. We have our fifth columns. And the first place to look for them is among the well-established, well-heeled, anti-New Deal supporters of Dies, Coughlin and Company. They form the most obvious and the most dangerous fifth column in the United States.

Aliens, too, may smuggle in fascist ideas and plots. To meet this danger more effectively the President has ordered the transfer of the Immigration Service from the Department of Labor to the Department of Justice. The move may be a wise one, and it is reassuring to learn that the service will henceforth be under the direct supervision of Francis Biddle, a sound liberal. Let us by all means strain out such aliens or deport them if their behavior is suspicious, but let us not visit on the innocent victims of fascism the sins of the tyrants from whom they have fled. Now is the time to prove that the right of asylum is not dead in the United States.

CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 665

EDITORIALS:

BRITAIN'S PERIL 667
TWOFOLD DEFENSE NEEDED 668
LET IN THE REFUGEES! by Freda Kirchwey 669

WHILE ROME SQUIRMS by Julio Alvarez del Vayo 671

THE END OF CHRISTY TUCKER
A Story by Erskine Caldwell 673

MIRACLE IN CONCRETE by Richard L. Neuberger 675

ON "THE IRRESPONSIBLES" Comments by Max Lerner, Kenneth B. Murdock, Waldo Frank, Hans Kohn, Waldo Leland, Perry Miller, Joseph Freeman, Willard Thorp 678

IN THE WIND 682

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard 683

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

THE WHOLE OF HOUSMAN by Morton Dauwen Zabel 684
AFTER THE PEACE by Stuart Chase 686
HISTORY OF THE GERMAN ARMY
by Oswald Garrison Villard 687
NEVER THE LIFE by Maxwell Geismar 688
GRANVILLE HICKS IN 2040 by Louis B. Salomon 689
RECORDS by B. H. Haggin 690

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While Rome Squirms

BY JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN THE past few weeks anxious eyes have been fixed on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia. For it was there, in the fall of 1935, that the Duce announced the invasion of Ethiopia; it was there, in May, 1936, that he proclaimed the empire; and it was there, three years later, that he triumphantly announced the entrance of Italian troops into Barcelona and the imminent collapse of the Spanish republic. It was there too that Mussolini, on September 23, 1939, addressing the leaders of the Tenth Legion of Bologna, promised the Italian people coming decisions of historic importance. From that day on the stage at Rome was carefully set, with all totalitarian Italy's well-known dramatic skill, to keep the attention of the Italian people at fever pitch. Meanwhile, from another, less spectacular balcony, the Italian dictator safely watched the development of the conflict in France.

Since the war has passed from the first phase of propaganda combat and isolated encounters at sea and in the air to actual invasion, Mussolini's tactics have been twofold: a controlled press, always skirting the limits of non-belligerence, keeps the Italian people in a constant state of effervescence while the Duce attempts to find out to what extent the claims of the German High Command are confirmed by the facts. On the surface, especially since the meeting at the Brenner Pass, he seems to have definite knowledge of the precise moment for Italy's entry into the war. And yet—even last week when everything seemed to indicate that war was a question of hours—the balcony of great pronouncements remained as empty as if it were part of an uninhabited palace. The Duce will appear on it suddenly if and when the tremendous offensive of the new French command proves futile.

This conclusion is justified. First of all, Mussolini is too much of a realist not to know that it is one thing to conquer the Allies decisively every morning in the Italian press and quite another to face them on a battlefield while they are still capable of vigorous resistance. In the second place, he knows better than anyone else the danger to Italy of a protracted war. Bottled up in the Mediterranean by British command of the Suez Canal and the Straits of Gibraltar, Italy is already experiencing a serious shortage of materials and has been obliged to ration sugar and coffee and to place severe restrictions on the use of its meager coal reserves. Moreover, there is the problem of the army. As soon as the war put an end to the Munich honeymoon, during which a mere threat or a gesture of bravado was sufficient to assure success, Mussolini was forced to take account of disturbing deficiencies in Italian military preparation. Those vulnerable spots partly motivated the "changing of the guard" which followed. Among those relieved of duty were the Ministers of War, Pariani and Valle, whose optimistic reports on the military situation did not stand up under the Duce's inspection.

With dangerous shortages in military equipment and with an economy which by sheer force of imagination and perseverence has just managed to survive without attaining the hoped-for autarchy, the reluctance of a section of Italian public opinion to being dragged into the war on the side of Germany is easy to understand. The "changing of the guard" had for another of its aims the silencing of this opposition. Outstanding fascists, militants imbued with the *squadrista* spirit, were removed from leadership in the party. The housecleaning has been carried down into the ranks, too. Many old functionaries of local organizations have disappeared from the political and trade-union scene. The systematic purge of the last six months has removed, it is hoped, all obstacles that might crop up when the Duce makes the supreme decision. But the Vatican organ *Osservatore Romano,* that pro-Ally "foreign newspaper," as Roberto Farinacci, editor of *Il Regime Fascista,* has labeled it, is growing in popularity.

To assure himself a share of the booty, when a division is made either around a treaty table or by Hitler's dictate, Mussolini needs a short war. From the beginning he has not abandoned the illusion of such a possibility. The most important fact that emerged from his conversations with Sumner Welles, as reported by authoritative European newspapers, was Mussolini's conviction that the war should be a short one and that the Western powers would have to resign themselves to an early compromise peace. A "white peace" has not disappeared from his speculations even when he has seemed most ready to intervene. In the judgment of his most devoted party leaders, the two ideas are complementary. Thus the *Telegrafo,* Count Ciano's newspaper, reported on March 21:

> The Duce has his ideas on the reorganization of Europe and would be very content if they could be realized peacefully. But the Duce is also head of a great empire and has a high concept of the prestige and dignity of his country. He knows that there are terrible epochs in the history of the world when the only language is that of cannon and when it is useless to try to intervene in any other manner.

Amid the maze of contradictory desires that determine

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Italian policy the factor which in my opinion will resolve the question of Italy's entry into the war—and determine the moment as well—is German pressure. All the arrogance of the Fascist policy cannot disguise Italy's fundamental dependence on the Reich. Commenting on the Berlin-Rome military pact, the historian Gaetano Salvemini aptly enough wrote: "A permanent and unconditional alliance of this type between a country of 90,000,000 inhabitants and a country of 44,000,000 is not a treaty of alliance but a bond of vassalage."

Il Duce

Until now Germany has had little interest in Italy's possible military intervention. By the simple continued threat of entry into the war Italy has been able to immobilize a good part of the Allied forces in the Mediterranean. And it provides good ports of transit for materials which Germany could not receive directly—iron and mercury from Spain, for example. But the situation can change at any moment if the German army is stopped in France and the war tends to drag out; or if Hitler believes that Italian action in the Mediterranean can deliver the *coup de grâce* to English resistance; or if Mussolini feels that a German victory without Italian aid would place him in a subordinate role with respect to the victor and substantially diminish his share in the redivision of spoils.

If Italy enters the war no one can reproach the Allies for not having courted Mussolini up to the last moment. From 1938, when the Anglo-Italian pact was signed, "the essence of which"—I am not quoting any red spokesman, but the London *Economist* of November 19, 1938—"is that Great Britain condones Italy's destruction, by unjust and lawless force of arms, of the independence of Republican Spain," up to a few days ago, when François Charles-Roux, French ambassador to the Vatican, was selected to replace Alexis Leger as General Secretary of the Quai d'Orsay, no effort has been spared in courting the favor of the Duce. At the same time that the exuberant Italian journalist, Signor Coppola, was accusing France and England of having "preferred a war of attrition to a war by arms, a currency war to a blood war, a war of usury to a war of soldiers," the French censors were carefully deleting even the mildest references to Rome by Pertinax or de Kerillis. In one of his first addresses as Prime Minister, Paul Reynaud on April 20 declared that various offers had been transmitted to Rome before and since the beginning of the war, and that although it had not yet received a favorable reply, France remained disposed to exchange views with Italy regarding the possibility of an acceptable solution of the problem of the needs and legitimate interests of the peoples bordering the Mediterranean. Mussolini's response was to replace the more temperate Baron Attolici, Italian ambassador to Berlin, by Dino Alfieri, fanatical supporter of the military pact, whose paramount ambition is to precipitate his country's entry into the war.

Faced with a conciliatory attitude on the part of the Allies, intransigent Fascist Italy has drawn up an imposing list of grievances. The principle of equality in the Mediterranean does not interest Mussolini. Italy seeks hegemony, conceives the Mediterranean as *mare nostrum*. And it is precisely in the Mediterranean that Mussolini is reserving for himself the definite blow. If he enters the war, it is not his army that he will expect to win new laurels. The efficiency of the Italian army has been put to the test in Ethiopia and in Spain. In Ethiopia incendiary bombs and mustard gas accounted for the victory. The natives, half naked and without gas masks, dared Mussolini's aviators to come down to earth and "fight like men." General de Bono himself, the conqueror of Ethiopia, admits this in his Memoirs: "Of important engagements," he writes, "we had none; much less anything that might be called a battle." In Spain, at Guadalajara, if the Republican command had been able to throw two more divisions of fresh reserves into the battle it would have driven the Italians all the way to Burgos. The Italians fought in Catalonia against an army which on January 5, 1939, the date of the fall of Borjas Blancas, had only 37,000 rifles for a quarter of a million men, according to the figures of the Republican General Staff.

Should Italy become a belligerent, it will be its speedy vessels and its aviation, rather than the army, that will prove particularly dangerous in the Mediterranean, thanks to the policy of "non-intervention." It is well known that during the Spanish war the Balearic Islands were, to all purposes, an Italian possession. They continue to be so today. Last week General Kindelán was named governor general of the Balearic Islands. During the war he was nominally in command of rebel aviation. Actually he took his orders from the Italian expeditionary forces. Today no boats other than those of Italy and Germany touch at the Balearics. The naval and air bases of the islands are of superior strength. In "The Defense of Britain" Captain Liddell Hart, British expert on military affairs, wrote:

> The mere possibility that air and naval bases on the eastern seaboard of Spain and in the Balearic Islands might be available for our opponents' use seriously

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complicates the problem of maintaining our traffic through, or even our forces in, the Mediterranean.

In the first World War Gibraltar lay thousands of miles away from the nearest enemy airdromes. Today it is dangerously close to Italian bases, and from the airdrome of Los Barrios, north of Algeciras, planes can take off and bomb Gibraltar in less time than is necessary to sound the air-raid sirens. Four airdromes between Ceuta and Tetuan are only a few minutes' flying distance from the Rock. Still more important, guns have been installed by the Germans in Spanish territory on both sides of the strait.

If Italy goes into the war, Spain will not necessarily enter with it. In the assignment of functions to the various totalitarian countries, Spain serves only as a paper pledge on the part of Italy. Spain's non-belligerence, that is, fictitious neutrality, will be as useful to Germany and Italy as any direct intervention, for its airplane and submarine bases will continue to be at the service of those two countries.

Time will tell whether the Allies' policy of appeasement will next be directed toward Spain. A London cable to the New York *Times* on May 24 reported the "great joy" with which Madrid received the projected appointment of that subtle apostle of appeasement Sir Samuel Hoare as British ambassador in Madrid.

British loans are a further indication that such an attempt is in the wind. It will be a sheer waste of time. It would be simpler to make out the check directly to Mussolini or Hitler—or both.

The End of Christy Tucker

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

CHRISTY TUCKER rode into the plantation town muleback late in the afternoon, whistling all the way. He had been hewing new pickets for the fence around his house all morning, and he was feeling good for having got so much done. He did not have a chance to go to the plantation town very often, and when he could go he did not lose any time in getting there.

He tied up the mule at the hitching racks behind the row of stores, and the first thing he noticed was the way the other Negroes out there did not seem anxious to speak to him. Christy had been on friendly terms with all the colored people on the plantation ever since he and his wife had moved there three months before, and he could not understand why they pretended not to see him.

He walked slowly down the road toward the plantation office wondering why nobody spoke to him.

After he had gone a little farther he met Froggy Miller. He caught Froggy by the arm before Froggy could dodge him.

"What's the matter with you folks today?" he said. Froggy Miller lived only a mile from his house in a straight line across the cotton field, and he knew Froggy better than anyone else on the plantation. "What's the matter, anyway, Froggy?"

Froggy, a big six-foot Negro with close-cropped hair, moved away.

He grabbed Froggy by the arm and shook him.

"Now, look here!" Christy said, getting worried. "Why do you and everybody else act so strange?"

"Mr. Lee Crossman sent for you, didn't he?" Froggy said.

"Sure, he sent for me," Christy said. "I reckon he wants to talk to me about the farming. But what's that got to do with—"

Before he could finish, the other Negro had pulled away from him and walked hurriedly up the road.

Without wasting any more time Christy ran toward the plantation office to find out what the trouble was.

The plantation bookkeeper, Hendricks, and Lee Crossman's younger brother, Morgan, were sitting in the front office with their feet on the window sill when he ran inside. Hendricks got up when he saw Christy and went through the door into the rear room. While the bookkeeper was in the other room, Morgan Crossman stared sullenly at the Negro.

"Come here, you," Hendricks said, coming back through the door.

Christy turned around and saw Lee Crossman, the owner and boss of the plantation, standing in the doorway.

"Yes, sir," Christy said.

Lee Crossman was dressed in heavy gray riding breeches and tan shirt, and he wore black boots that laced to his knees. He stood aside while Christy walked into the back room, and closed the door on the outside. Christy walked to the middle of the room and stood there waiting for Lee Crossman.

Christy had moved to the Crossman plantation the first of the year, about three months before. It was the first time he had ever been in Georgia, and he had grown to like it better than Alabama, where he had always lived. He and his wife had decided to come to Georgia because

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they had heard that the land there was better for share-cropping cotton. Christy said he could not be satisfied merely making a living; he wanted to get ahead in life.

Lee Crossman still had not come, and Christy sat down in one of the chairs. He had no more than seated himself when the door opened. He jumped to his feet.

"Howdy, Mr. Lee," he said, smiling. "I've had a good chance to look at the land, and I'd like to be furnished with another mule and a gang plow. I figure I can raise twice as much cotton on that kind of land with a gang plow, because it's about the best I ever saw. There's not a rock or stump on it, and it's as clear of bushes as the palm of my hand. I haven't even found a gully anywhere on it. If you'll furnish me with another mule and a gang plow, I'll raise more cotton for you than any two share-croppers on your plantation."

Lee Crossman listened until he had finished, and then he slammed the door shut and strode across the room.

"I sent for you, nigger," he said. "You didn't send for me, did you?"

"That's right, Mr. Lee," he said. "You sent for me."

"Then keep your black face shut until I tell you to open it."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said, backing across the room until he found himself against the wall. Lee Crossman sat down in a chair and glared at him. "Yes, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said again.

"You're one of these biggety niggers, ain't you?" Lee said. "Where'd you come from, anyway? You ain't a Georgia nigger, are you?"

"No, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said, shaking his head. "I was born and raised in Alabama."

"Didn't they teach you any better than this in Alabama?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee."

"Then why did you come over here to Georgia and start acting so biggety?"

"I don't know, Mr. Lee."

Christy wiped his face with the palm of his hand and wondered what Lee Crossman was angry with him about. He began to understand why the other Negroes had gone out of their way to keep from talking to him. They knew he had been sent for, and that meant he had done something that displeased Lee Crossman. They could not afford to be seen talking to anyone who was in disfavor with the plantation owner and boss.

"Have you got a radio?" Lee asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where'd you get it?"

"I bought it on time."

"Where'd you get money to pay on it?"

"I had a little, and my wife raises chickens."

"Why didn't you buy it at the plantation store?"

"I made a better bargain at the other place. I got it a little cheaper."

"Niggers who live on my plantation buy what they need at the plantation store," Lee said.

"I didn't want to go into debt to you, Mr. Lee," Christy said. "I wanted to come out ahead when the accounts are settled at the end of the year."

Lee Crossman leaned back in the chair, crossed his legs, and took out his pocketknife. He began cleaning his fingernails.

There was silence in the room for several minutes. Christy leaned against the wall.

"Stand up straight, nigger!" Lee shouted at him.

"Yes, sir," Christy said, jumping erect.

"Did you split up some of my wood to hew pickets for the fence around the house where you live?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee."

"Why didn't you ask me if I wanted you to do it?"

"I figured the fence needed some new pickets to take the place of some that had rotted, and because I'm living in the house I went ahead and did it."

"You act mighty big, don't you?" Lee said. "You act like you own my house and land, don't you? You act like you think you're as good as a white man, don't you?"

"No, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy protested. "I don't try to act any of those ways. I just naturally like to hustle and get things done, that's all. I just can't be satisfied unless I'm fixing a fence or cutting wood or picking cotton, or something. I just naturally like to get things done."

"Do you know what we do with biggety niggers like you in Georgia?"

"No, sir."

"We teach them to mind their own business and stay in their place."

Lee Crossman got up and crossed the room to the closet. He jerked the door open and reached inside. When he turned around, he was holding a long leather strap that had been studded with heavy brass bands. He came back across the room, slapping the strap around his boot-tops.

"Who told your wife she could raise chickens on my plantation?" he said to Christy.

"Nobody told her, Mr. Lee," Christy said. "We didn't think you'd mind. There'd be plenty of yard around the house for them, and I built a little hen house."

"Stop arguing with me, nigger!"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't want chickens scratching up crops on this plantation."

"Yes, sir," Christy said.

"Where did you get money to pay on a radio?"

"I snared a few rabbits and skinned them, and then I sold their hides for a little money."

"I don't want no rabbits touched on my plantation," Lee said.

He shook out the heavy strap and cracked it against his boots.

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"Why haven't you got anything down on the books in the plantation store?" Lee asked.

"I just don't like to go into debt," Christy said. "I want to come out ahead when the accounts are settled at the end of the year."

"That's my business whether you come out owing or owed at the end of the year," Lee said.

Christy nodded his head in acceptance.

"Take off that shirt and drop your pants and get down on your knees straddle that crack," the white man said.

Christy looked at him in fear and anger.

"What are you going to do to me, Mr. Lee?"

"I'll show you what I'm going to do," he replied. "Take off that shirt and pants and get down there like I told you."

Christy backed away.

"Mr. Lee. I can't let you beat me like that. No, sir, Mr. Lee. I can't let you do that to me. I just can't!"

"You black-skinned, back-talking coon, you!" Lee shouted, his face turning crimson with anger.

He struck Christy with the heavy, brass-studded strap. Christy backed out of reach, and when Lee struck him the second time, the Negro caught the strap and held on to it. Lee glared at him and then tried to jerk it away.

"Mr. Lee, I haven't done anything except catch a few rabbits and raise a few chickens and things like that," Christy protested. "I didn't mean any harm at all. I thought you'd be pleased if I put some new pickets in your fence."

"Shut your mouth and get that shirt and pants off like I told you," he said, angrier than ever. "And turn that strap loose before I blast it loose from you."

Christy stayed where he was and held on to the strap with all his might. Lee was so angry he could not speak after that. He ran to the closet and got his pistol. He swung around and fired it at Christy three times. Christy released his grip on the strap and sank to the floor.

Lee's brother, Morgan, and the bookkeeper, Hendricks, came running into the back room.

"What happened, Lee?" his brother asked, seeing Christy Tucker lying on the floor.

"That nigger threatened me," Lee said, blowing hard. He walked to the closet and tossed the pistol on the shelf. "You and Hendricks heard him threaten to kill me. I had to shoot him down to protect my own life."

They left the back room and went into the front office. Several clerks from the plantation store ran in and wanted to know what all the shooting was about.

"Just a biggety nigger," Lee said, washing his hands at the sink. "He was that Alabama nigger that came over here two or three months ago. I sent for him this morning to ask him what he meant by putting new pickets in the fence around his house without asking me first. When I got him in here, he threatened me. He was a bad nigger."

The clerks went back to the plantation store, and Hendricks sat down at his books.

"Open the back door," Lee told his brother, "and let those niggers out in the back see what happens when one of them gets as biggety as that coon from Alabama got."

His brother opened the back door. When he looked outside into the road there was not a Negro in sight. The only living thing out there was the mule on which Christy Tucker had ridden to town.

Miracle in Concrete

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Grand Coulee, Washington, May 15

THE morning fog lifts like a curtain in the granite canyon of the Columbia River and reveals the most massive concrete escarpment in the world stretching from cliff to cliff. It is nearly a mile long and as thick as two city blocks at the base. Already it towers thirty stories above bedrock, and soon it will be higher. Its bulk is three times that of the Great Pyramid; it contains enough concrete to pave a roadway around the globe. Behind it there is filling up an enormous reservoir that will be almost as long as Lake Ontario.

This is the Grand Coulee Dam, started in 1934 and to be finished by the end of this year. To dedicate Grand Coulee is one of the President's principal ambitions. As far back as 1920, when he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he said at Spokane after his Pullman car had paralleled the route of Lewis and Clark down the Columbia:

> Coming through today on the train has made me think pretty deeply. When you cross the Mountain States and that portion of the Coast States that lies well back from the ocean, you are impressed by those great stretches of physical territory, just land, territory now practically unused but destined some day to contain the homes of thousands and hundreds of thousands of citizens like us, a territory to be developed by the nation and for the nation. As we were coming down the river today, I could not help thinking, as everyone does, of all that water running down unchecked to the sea.

Grand Coulee Dam will irrigate and reclaim 1,200,000 acres of land. This is an area equal in size to the

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whole state of Delaware. It is not much less than the acreage of all the farms in New Jersey. Several months ago, in an address to the White House Conference on Children in a Democracy, the President said:

> I have read a book; it is called "The Grapes of Wrath," and there are 500,000 Americans who live in the covers of that book. I would like to see the Columbia Basin devoted to the care of the 500,000 people represented in "The Grapes of Wrath."
>
> Up in the state of Washington we are spending a great many millions to harness the Columbia River, for a great dam up there which will pump the water up on to a huge area of land capable of providing a living for 500,000 people, irrigated land, today a desert, which can be made a garden with the process of modern science.

Twenty-five years ago George W. Norris, Senator from Nebraska, stood beside a little creek cascading to the Columbia and asked a native of a nearby village why the power was not used. The reply came with finality: "Jim Hill owns all the power sites. We don't have much to say about 'em." No railway magnate owns all the power sites now. Soon, over the brink of the Grand Coulee spillway will crash a sheet of water with five times the volume and nearly three times the height of Niagara Falls. This shattering drop in the nation's second-largest river will generate annually 10,708,000,000 kilowatt-hours of power, an amount equal to one-fourth of all the hydroelectric power produced in the United States in 1938. So much "juice" will be turned out that the twin powerhouses, each as big as a skyscraper and packing more than twice the force of Muscle Shoals, will have to be run by remote control lest the operators be electrocuted.

Ranchers and settlers on the dry mesas are wiring their houses and cabins; they will be able to buy electricity for $2.50 a hundred kilowatt-hours. New industries, desperately needed in a frontier region that imports 75 per cent of its manufactured goods, are also expected to take advantage of the lowest commercial power rates in America. Already aluminum and steel factories are being built along the Columbia near Bonneville. Seattle and Portland business men, who regularly denounce the President, admit that his dams are saving the Northwest and will give it an industrial foundation to replace the lumber industry.

Not all Grand Coulee's fabulous supply of power will brighten farmhouses and move the wheels of factories. Five of the eighteen generators will operate a dozen stupendous pumps, one of which could pump enough water for New York City. Each pump can lift fifty tons of water a second. And here is what the pumps will do. Grand Coulee Dam will raise the level of the Columbia River approximately 355 feet. The pumps will hoist part of the river another 250 feet, through great tunnels and conduits, from which it will flow into a deep chasm a mile wide and from twenty-five to thirty miles in length. This chasm, with walls as precipitous as the front of a safe, is the Grand Coulee of the Columbia River. It was carved ages ago when the river was diverted from its course by the Pleistocene ice sheet. The dam and pumps will duplicate the job the ice sheet did.

From the Grand Coulee the water will be coasted on to 1,200,000 acres of land which needs only irrigation to grow peas, beans, pears, prunes, potatoes, celery, onions, alfalfa, and the other crops that mantle the green valleys of the Northwest. This land will not be monopolized by great corporate farms such as dominate agriculture in California, nor will it be scarred by the feudalism of tenant farming. It will be tilled by families working their own land. For Congress has passed a law limiting land ownership at Grand Coulee to eighty acres a family; a single man can retain only half that much. The considerable portion of the region now held by private owners and in old Northern Pacific land grants will have to be sold at the price fixed by government appraisers. Any land held beyond the amount allowed will not be cut in on the irrigation system and will stay in its present virtually worthless condition.

The total cost of the Grand Coulee project will be $394,500,000. In this the principal elements are $99,960,000 for the spillway dam, $61,500,000 for the hydroelectric plant, $129,220,000 for the vast network of irrigation ditches and canals, $29,540,000 for the pumping system, and $11,330,000 for preparing the enormous reservoir in the prehistoric river bed. Other items on the expense side of the ledger are for preservation of the Chinook salmon runs, and for transmission lines, field offices, and land surveys.

The surveys are under way now. Every foot of the 1,200,000 acres is being classified as to contour, value, ownership, soil content, and crop possibilities. It is the most extensive land survey ever undertaken. President Roosevelt has made up his mind that the Coulee area, which he considers a "Promised Land," shall not be colonized carelessly. The National Resources Committee is at work studying where schools, hospitals, sewer systems, railroad yards, and warehouses should be located. Twenty-five thousand families cultivating fertile soil can support a large urban population. The towns near Grand Coulee will expand; other towns will spring up. The Resources Committee is trying to find out the opportunities for people with special training and abilities—doctors, nurses, school teachers, printers, lawyers, ministers, electricians, mechanics. Perhaps in this modern Canaan in the Northwest some of the highly skilled refugees from Europe may get a chance to participate in American life.

Forty years ago some of the Coulee lands were homesteaded or bought from the railroad. That was before anyone realized that the rich alluvial plain left behind

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by the glacial sheets did not get enough rainfall. The settlers dry-farmed successfully for a few years. By that time they had used all the moisture held in the soil. Their land caked and hardened. Sagebrush encroached on the wheat. Many of the settlers moved on. Some lost their farms to banks and mortgage companies; others went to Seattle and Spokane to start over again, but still clung to their deeds and titles. These people are coming back now and forming irrigation districts which will buy water from the federal government. The votes creating the districts indicate that local sentiment is in favor of this program of small, owner-operated farms: at Wheeler 178 were for the district and 10 against; at Shragg 143 for and 9 against; at Drumheller 26 for and 11 against; at Pasco 228 for and 8 against.

The Grand Coulee project is one of the New Deal's principal political assets along the Pacific seaboard, and Republican approval of the undertaking now is not fooling many people. More than twenty years ago Rufus Woods of the Wenatchee *World* wrote an editorial proposing a mammoth dam to irrigate the arid land and develop the water power of the Columbia Basin. Three Republican Presidents gave lip-service to the idea—and did nothing. In his 1932 campaign Mr. Roosevelt said he would do something about the Columbia River region, and he kept his promise. Western voters know how to compare words with deeds. The state of Washington has not elected a Republican Governor, Senator, or Representative since Grand Coulee was begun.

The anti-New Deal San Francisco *Argonaut* says of Grand Coulee, "The Pacific Coast may be confident that in the future it will have occasion to point with pride to a new 'land of plenty' here in its midst." Yet there are some questions, of course. What will the colossal dam do to the valuable and important salmon runs in the Columbia River? Is it logical for the government to spend millions for this new farm area in the West while it spends other millions to restrict agricultural production elsewhere? The late Paul Y. Anderson asked the President this question in 1937 and received no conclusive answer. And what about the Dust Bowl nomads whom Roosevelt wants to settle at Grand Coulee? They are penniless. How can they get farm equipment, lumber, seeds, and other necessities?

The salmon are in jeopardy; of that there is no doubt, although all kinds of elaborate apparatus have been constructed for fish conservation. The Department of the Interior resolves the paradox of irrigation in one region and crop control in another with the statement that the most troublesome surpluses are in corn, cotton, and wheat and that the Grand Coulee region will produce garden vegetables, fruits, and fodder. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* has observed also that probably most of the crops will be consumed in the area rather than raised for the market. And the government will stretch its credit resources to the limit in an effort to give the neediest migrants an opportunity to settle in new farm homes. Other reclamation projects have required that each colonist possess $2,000. At Grand Coulee this sum can be made up from FSA loans, old equipment, automobiles, and furniture.

Despite all doubts and reservations, men of many faiths have stood on the granite crags above the huge dam and said, "This makes sense." The Pacific Northwest is the final frontier, the last refuge for people now living on exhausted soil in the Middle West, for men and women crowded in the tenements of the Atlantic coast. Major Roy Bessey of the Northwest Regional Planning Commission says that "with a reasonable development program, from 1,000,000 to 2,500,000 additional people could readily be absorbed in the region within a generation. Migration toward the region during recent years seems to indicate that the population increase may approach the higher figure." Of no other part of continental United States may this be said, and Grand Coulee is the principal feature of "the reasonable development program." The Columbia has three times as much potential hydroelectric power as any other river in America. Above its swift reaches is a great sweep of land that needs only water to replace sagebrush with orchards. The river twists through the Cascade Range and into the core of the Inland Empire. With dams and locks it could become a navigable waterway instead of a rapid-studded chute. Why not develop all these resources for men and women who must find a place to go?

The late William E. Borah, for many years the most illustrious figure of the Columbia Basin, once said, "The Northwest cannot pay the freight both ways and continue to live and prosper." A "colonial empire" for the East, it ships out its raw materials and buys back finished products. Perhaps the biggest chunk of power in the world will help develop mills and factories so that the Northwest's raw materials can be processed there instead of being shipped across the country.

Dusk settles on the Columbia like a curtain dropping back. The tumble-down farmhouses which the settlers abandoned long ago lose shape in the twilight. But at the great dam ten thousand lights are turned on. Work goes forward night and day. This is a defense of democracy, too—as important as new destroyers and bombing planes. Perhaps this frowning wall of concrete will be the most enduring monument to Franklin Roosevelt's Administration. That jackhammer man down in the chasm, wiping his forehead in the glare of the searchlights as he drills a tunnel through the cliffs for the water that will make a million acres bloom—perhaps he is doing more to protect America from foreign ideologies than the man who rivets a dreadnought's mast or prepares a torpedo for the open sea.

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On "The Irresponsibles"

[*Because of the importance of the issue raised by Archibald MacLeish in his article The Irresponsibles published in* The Nation *two weeks ago, and the wide interest it aroused, we are herewith publishing a number of comments by scholars and writers. Others will be printed in future issues.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

MAX LERNER
Professor of Political Science, Williams College

MY COMMENT on Archibald MacLeish's deeply felt and eloquent article must take the form of what the lawyers call a plea in confession and avoidance. Most of the scholars and writers of America deserve richly the drubbing they get from Mr. MacLeish. But if they have been irresponsible, the responsibility for that is not wholly, in fact not principally, theirs. And why?

Is it not because the defense of our inherited culture has up to now been carried on as part of the defense of our inherited economic and social system? The scholars have been encouraged and in many instances even coerced to choose pure science as their model because otherwise their scholarship, if it were really put into a form which would reach the people, would be dangerous. And the writers have been encouraged and even coerced to take pure art as their model because otherwise their writing, if it really took sides and manned the intellectual barricades, would be dangerous. Dangerous, I say in both cases, to the established order of a corporate capitalism. Mr. MacLeish might easily have broadened his indictment. In all fields we have sent experts out into the world without a knowledge of values, and we have sent philosophers without a grounding in social fact. This cleavage is not just the result, as Mr. MacLeish surmised, of the natural process of specialization. It is, as Thorstein Veblen long ago pointed out in his book on "The Higher Learning in America," a consequence of the tenacious defense of corporate capitalism by the men who have controlled our universities, our press, our research foundations.

I want to make it clear that I regard the present tendency, represented not only by Mr. MacLeish but also by Lewis Mumford and Waldo Frank and others, to put the primary blame and responsibility for our present chaos upon the intellectuals as not wholly without merit. It is true that our intellectuals have failed. Nevertheless, I do not consider that this analysis reaches to the core of the problem of world chaos today. Mr. MacLeish speaks of Hitlerism as a "revolution against." He is in the main right, although I believe that he, as well as Rauschning and others who speak of the revolution of nihilism, do not make enough allowance for the fact that to many millions of people it is poverty and insecurity that represent the real nihilisms. For them even Hitlerism has an affirmative psychological appeal. Even a "revolution against," if it is to succeed, must have deep roots in a preceding social chaos. And Hitler's revolution has these roots. Hitler's revolution is only the outward expression of more basic revolutionary forces at work in the world today. These revolutionary forces proceed from the incapacity that world capitalism displayed in organizing world peace after the last war; from the impossibility of making the political nation-state a valid economic unit without heroic economic change; from the failure of most nations, including America and the Allies, to respond to the imperatives of planning which alone, under today's conditions, can mean survival in either peace or war. Above all, these revolutionary forces proceed from the failure of the democracies to refashion their economic and social institutions so as to bring them into line with the democratic creed and into line with the basic drives in men.

In short, if the intellectuals failed, their failure happened long before the rise of Hitlerism as a world movement, and long before their failure to recognize the threat that Nazism carries for all cultures. It was the basic failure to see that the incapacity of the democracies to change our social system by democratic and humane methods would necessarily leave the field open to the brutal changes of totalitarianism.

And the blame for this earlier failure, if we are at this late date to play the game of apportioning blame, must lie not only with the writers and scholars but with those other men who have held positions of power in our economic and political world. No matter how greatly we exhort them, writers and scholars cannot by themselves defend or change social institutions. Mr. MacLeish mentions Thomas Mann, yet the possession of a Thomas Mann by Germany did not change the course of events there. Mr. MacLeish talks of our having split in two the earlier man of letters; yet the one country where the man of letters has continued into the modern time—France—has also not been exempted from the common doom. Mr. MacLeish mentions Milton and Voltaire. Yet both of them were effective because their courage and their vision as men of letters were linked with the rising energies of new classes to a common fight against old classes and dying cultures. The writer's power to defend and change cultures is never great unless it is similarly linked with expansive and not merely with defensive forces in a culture.

What this means is that if we are to meet the "revolution against" represented by Hitlerism we must do so militantly and aggressively, with a revolutionary democratic force that challenges Hitler's revolutionary totalitarianism, with a revolutionary affirmative force that challenges Hitler's revolutionary nihilism. We cannot do this merely by defending our culture and our intellectual freedom. If we restrict ourselves to defense, we have three-quarters lost the battle already. Scholars, writers, and men of letters alike must today not only defend our system; they must also help transform it. In transforming it, the writer can have an important role. But let us not overestimate that role, and let us not ignore the fact that it will be frustrate unless it is linked with revolutionary social energies in labor, in the professions, in responsible business groups, in science, in politics.

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KENNETH B. MURDOCK
Professor of English, Harvard University

ANY CANDID observer must agree with most of what Mr. MacLeish says of the "irresponsibility" of many scholars and writers, and of the peril which this irresponsibility involves. But he neglects, it seems to me, a major reason for the futility of the scholar. It is not the scholar's interest in the past or his concern with a special scientific problem that most often makes him impotent, nor is it the separation between the writer and the devotee of learning—a separation perhaps inevitable if the whole range of knowledge indispensable for the support of our civilization is to be mastered. Far more serious is the rift between scholar and teacher. Most scholars now are academics in institutions where the privilege of teaching is committed to them. Too often they have neither interest nor skill in teaching. If they have not, their study of the past, often the richest source of inspiration for defenders of true culture, their zeal for relatively objective tests of truth, which should be the best weapons against the irrational violence of champions of deceit, their pursuit of the learning that may make life more decent and defy most effectively those who would leave it no hope of decency are useless; not because scholarship is useless or its methods devitalizing, but because the scholar does not carry to others the inspiration, the zeal, and the sense of values that he brings to his specifically scholarly task.

The future must depend largely on those whom the scholar is supposed to educate; if he teaches badly or irresponsibly, his case is lost; if he teaches well, determined to prove the superiority of truth over lies, reason over unreason, emotion grounded in intellectual conviction over emotion born of falsehood and blood-lust, no ivory tower can contain him. From his pupils will come new scholars and teachers and writers, and his work will be the reserve of material without which even the greatest man of letters must be helpless when he fights those who parade false history, false science, and false faith, as truth.

WALDO FRANK
Author of "A Chart for Rough Waters"

IT IS encouraging that a poet of the wide appeal of Archibald MacLeish enters the battle which a too small numbe. of American authors has waged on the common attitudes of our intellectual life. Mr. MacLeish is stirred by our writers' and scholars' impotence and seeming inertia before the night of Europe, whose shadows spread to our own shores. But Mr. MacLeish stops at symptoms, and thereby reveals that the disease is deeper than he is conscious, for one of the basic causes of the threatening chaos is our obsession with symptoms, our indifference to fundamentals—a lethal habit at this time of cultural revolution in which human history is making a turn more dangerous (and promising) than any since Western history began.

I do not believe with Mr. MacLeish that the sin of our writers has been their aloofness, their refusal of responsibility, their unconcern, or their division of labor between past and present—with an abyss between. The writers who rushed to the Bolshevik bandwagon were not aloof, not refusing to reinterpret the past with all the "scholarship" at their command: nor the liberals and socialists. The trouble was both deeper and more simple. *They did not know enough;* their method of knowing was false; therefore their measures of reality for the present, from which they drew the materials of their books, and for the past, which they studied to forge a happier future, failed them in the issues of action.

The analogies of Mr. MacLeish reveal the same case. He suggests a relationship between our modern writers' attitude and Leonardo's, whose "study of beauty occupied his whole heart"; not realizing that the Italian inherited and implicitly accepted an organic culture which made what he meant by beauty cogent to his life, whereas our writers and their publics have deliberately denied—and not known how to replace—the roots of that organic culture. He wants modern men of letters like Las Casas and Voltaire. But Las Casas fought for the ideal values of a commonly accepted culture-religion against its betrayers (who did it lip-service). Voltaire on the other hand was one of the progenitors of *our* chaos, in that like ourselves he worshiped certain laudable end-fruits of the same culture-religion, yet neglected or attacked the roots in vision and intuition whence those fruits drew life. In such vagueness of analogy and fact there are confusions which Mr. MacLeish might have avoided by asking: What is *our* culture? Have our writers and their public an *implicit* religion?

Other symptoms he records should lead to similar questions. "Caliban is conquering!" he says. But to Shakespeare, Caliban was a futile fellow, beneath Prospero and his ally, Ariel. What has happened to our Prosperos to reverse the position? Why? "The country of the man of letters," he deplores, "has been divided between his heirs," the poet and the scholar. Does he not see that this "country" has been *shrunken?* Donne and Newton also divided it. But such former masters shared a whole coterminous with all human energy and aspiration. Our writing men too have a "whole"; but it is shriveled and a fragment; it does not touch the quick and deep of experience, and thereby leaves the fertilizing of the fields of action to the anti-poets, the anti-philosophers, the anti-persons—true creators and hierophants of the Hitlers.

The intellectuals who these past years have pontificated on letters, art, politics, past, present, future, from the shut booth of vulgar Marxism or the dustbins of empirical rationalism (our modern religion), have not disdained wholes, responsibility in social action. Their fatal fault has been that their "whole" was only a part; wherefore their methods and programs for conditioning life creatively of course went wrong. *A part which acts as if it were the whole:* there is the modern tragedy in a phrase. It is the program of fascism. But it also characterizes the religions of liberal, pragmatist, Marxist, transcendental Christian—all of whom had to play their preparatory role before the fascist could come on the scene to "mop up."

Mr. MacLeish scores the defeatist mood of our intellectuals in accepting material forces as the sole history makers. But what in our culture brought about this suicidal doctrine? We must study the sources and *dynamics* of our values to understand what has made the progressive nations, from France to Sweden, so futile, fumbling, and unvigilant beside fascist energy and efficiency. It is not accident that Ramsay

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MacDonald and Léon Blum were weaklings while Göring built his air armada: and that our own President betrayed his conscience and intelligence in refusing legal help to Spain in that crucial hour before the fall of Barcelona, when both French and British labor were ready to follow his lead, and our fate was perhaps sealed for generations. "The disorder of our time," says Mr. MacLeish, "is a revolt against the common culture of the West." Of course! But what if *we,* the proud moderns, were the first who revolted? What went wrong with the grandiose programs of Renaissance and Reformation? We all know by now that the greatest nations in spiritual, intellectual, and technical heritage—and we among them—stood by while Hitler fattened on our cowardice and crimes. The urgent question is, Why? While our intellectuals grow elegiac in the defense of culture, how did they become, and *why do they continue to be,* the betrayers of that culture? Until Mr. MacLeish helps to define our calamity by asking such questions I fear that his eloquent and noble lament belongs to the rhetoric now being drowned in Europe by the roar of the Heinkels.

I am fully aware that I lack space here for a single definition. The sin of our writers seems to me: first, ignorance of and consequent impotence against the evils of our own reality—ignorance issuing from our vicious, implicit, almost universal "religion," empirical rationalism; and, second, confusion and despair as they saw their protests and their "desperate remedies" fail to halt the tailspin of our world into war—a prevalent despair now expressing itself in isolationism and silence. It is not quite too late, *if we realize that we have been in this war—and shirking it—from the beginning.* Let us humbly, from our past defeats, move to a reconsideration of all the values and terms which Mr. MacLeish takes for granted. That would be a creative revolution in American letters, and a hint of dawn in a world which must now seek dawn in America or nowhere.

HANS KOHN

Professor of History, Smith College

MR. MACLEISH'S stirring comments about the responsibility of scholars and writers for the present catastrophe were long needed. The responsibility lies not, however, with scholars and writers alone; it lies as heavily with educators, leaders of youth, and politicians, who were unable or did not wish to understand the fundamental nature of the great moral and spiritual counter-revolution which was going on.

I believe that the source of the evil from which Western civilization seems likely to perish in an astonishingly swift collapse is deeper than the division of scholars from writers. It is rather a general indifference to, or contempt of, moral values, a complacent belief in economic and social factors as the prime motivation in man's life. This moral and mental confusion, developing already before the first World War and forcefully promoted by the "debunkers" of the post-war period, has turned socialists into isolationists and has led men to affirm that they do not see any difference between the governments and aims of the British and French and those of the fascist countries. After taking this position they were driven, by a certain uneasiness of their minds, to justify themselves by stressing all possible faults of the democracies and by whitewashing the acts of the fascists, thus dulling all sense of morality and of moral distinctions. They closed their minds to an understanding of the true implications of the tremendous revolution against all moral values which is fascism, and thereby destroyed the possibility of any effective resistance to fascism. They thus, unwittingly, precipitated the destruction of the foundations on which their own world rested. A future historian will triumphantly relate that the rise of the new millennium of which the fascists speak was made possible by the fact that the defenders of the pre-fascist civilization, with nothing more urgent to do than to quarrel among themselves, failed to face unitedly and understandingly the common threat to all the values they cherished.

WALDO LELAND

Director of the American Council of Learned Societies

WHAT ANSWER is to be made to Archibald MacLeish's challenge to "the irresponsibles"? Not one but many answers will be offered, and perhaps no one of them, nor all of them together, will soon answer it. Many reservations might be made, as Mr. MacLeish himself suggests. Perhaps he has not done justice to the countless exhortations of scholars, scientists, and educators these last ten years, denouncing the evil that was growing on the earth and warning us of its fatal consequences. Perhaps he does not realize how much earnest, even desperate, effort has been devoted to the study of the social, economic, political, and spiritual problems of mankind, in the hope of reducing if not of solving them. I think that he does not sufficiently take into account the part that scholars and scientists, especially those of the United States, have had since 1920 in the endeavor to bring about a new era of mutual understanding and cooperation among the intellectuals of the world. He may not appreciate the acuteness of their distress as they have seen colleagues persuaded, or more often terrorized, into, apparently at least, abandoning the ideals of intellectual and spiritual freedom and submitting to the dictates and perversities of relentless authority.

But the fact remains, and there is not much satisfaction in deceiving ourselves, that we have failed; at least at the present moment we seem to have failed. For if we had succeeded, the world would now be a better place in which to live, instead of which it is a far worse place than it was twenty years ago. Why have we failed? Where does the blame lie?

Archibald MacLeish thinks that the fault lies in "the organization of the intellectual life of our time"; in the fact, as he sees it, "that intellectual responsibility has been divided . . . and by division destroyed." Is there not much truth in this diagnosis? I think there is.

As we look about us we see scholars who feel acutely that much is wrong, blaming the scientists, or the educators—especially the educators. They are loath to admit that they have a responsibility beyond their own research; the scientists also decline responsibility beyond their own investigations and discoveries; the educators, divided among themselves as to their aims and their methods, blame each other, or unite in blaming the scholars and the scientists. Is it strange, therefore, that amid this confusion of disclaimers and recrimina-

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tions, evil flourishes and reaches monstrous proportions? Is it strange that those who are confused, or weary, or disgusted, turn to authority and seek to "achieve at least . . . the dignity of obedience"?

PERRY MILLER
Associate Professor of History and Literature, Harvard University

I CANNOT speak for the writers, and I speak for scholars only in so far as I myself aspire to be one. I think MacLeish is not correct when he says, or implies, that the crisis was not primarily a crisis of food, of arms, created by political forces and economic collapse; but however it was created, it is indeed a revolution against the common culture of the West. MacLeish is right that in the face of the crisis the scholars and writers stand hopelessly divided and the scholars paralyzed. He is right when he says that the Ph.D. thesis is the perfect image of the scholar's world, and his description of the thesis is wholly accurate.

The conception of the scholar as one who cultivates objectivity, detachment, dispassion arose at a time when those virtues were something to be fought for; they promised hope not for scholars alone but for all mankind. There was a grand and militant faith behind them, and there was, it might be said, something to be dispassionate *against*. MacLeish forgets that in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the scholars were fighting for objectivity against enemies that also were threatening the common culture of the West. And to a fair degree they won. They won because society wanted them to win, wanted it strongly enough to back them up. Then, when they had won, the tension out of which had emerged the ideal of objectivity passed away, or seemed to pass, and the idea remained—remained for a thousand reasons, but most notably because more people wanted to be educated than ever before, and so there were more jobs for educators, and educators must be scholars.

The more it became an affair of jobs and the less an affair of objectivity—for the sake of truth alone—the more the Ph.D. flourished. Most men in America do not write a Ph.D. thesis for the sake of the work, they do it to get a job; they don't write learned articles in unreadable trade journals for the work itself, they write them to get promotions. MacLeish distinguishes between the practical man who can be indifferent to these troubles and the scholar who should not be indifferent. But the fact is, the scholar has become, by and large, a practical man. And like other practical men he finds the reign of liberalism, the lack of corporate responsibility, the freedom to do what he will and as he will, comfortable. He has forgotten that he came into being because there was a function for him in society, and he will not remember until society reminds him. As yet society has exerted no pressure upon him sufficient to stimulate his imagination and to make him grasp what it has a right to demand of him. The few with broader vision are met by their colleagues with spoken or implied rebukes for having deserted the citadel of the fraternity, their precious freedom from partisanship. What these colleagues really mean is what any American business man means: "Let me alone. I am doing a profitable business and I do not want to be disturbed until I have to be."

JOSEPH FREEMAN
Author and Former Editor of the New Masses

AFTER THE first World War, Julien Benda accused the clerks of treason, lashed writers for abandoning their true office and submitting mind and will to their governments. Then Romain Rolland proposed his International of the Mind to safeguard the autonomy of the intellect against the organized force of states, classes, and parties. Finally there came Henri Barbusse's "Clarté," frankly partisan, openly serving a struggle for the future. This set the pattern for similar groups throughout the world.

For some reason history did not always consult the writers and scholars, either singly or in groups. Now and then it took surprising turns. But at least the pattern set by Barbusse had one practical advantage. It did not assume that men of letters are gods, priests, prophets, or miracle men who by isolated moral fiat or the splendor of their vision can determine the fate of mankind.

It is a long, long time since anyone has seen an ivory tower. Writers have been anything but irresponsible about the vital issues of our age. Both as men and as men of letters, the best of them have spoken and acted persistently and passionately on the right side of the great struggle; and they have certainly done their best to oppose evil with all the arms of scholarship and writing at their command.

Mr. MacLeish's grave indictment, therefore, involves not the irresponsibility of the writer but his incapacity to prevent the moral consequences of a civilization's decay. Whose the blame? True, modern science and industry have brought division and specialization into every field, literature and learning included. But imagine blaming the wars and famines of our time on the Ph.D. thesis!

Suppose the universal literary genius should appear, the man of letters pure and whole, who has eaten both of the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life, and can therefore know and create at the same time. Could he, by magic incantation, halt the sea and start it rolling again at will? Voltaire was a genius, a great political pamphleteer, an adept at intrigue, a speculator, a prophet, and an opportunist. For all his contributions to the French Revolution, would you say it was he and his fellow-writers who unleashed it? Milton, a far nobler man and writer, was in the ranks of a political movement, a member of a revolutionary government, an active partisan of a great dictator who dissolved Parliament, butchered the Irish, imposed a new and more democratic order with fire and sword. Were Milton's poems and pamphlets responsible for Cromwell's regime? More likely "Paradise Lost" and the Protectorate were two aspects of the same profound social change.

If writers are to be true to their office, they must begin by surrendering the illusion that their words have the magic power to govern the course of events. It was not our words which loosed murder in the world nor is it our visions which can halt it. We can, however, try to understand the real forces which govern events and ideas, and we can communicate this understanding to some of those who are misled by unscrupulous men in power, whether these be men of action or men of words.

What Mr. MacLeish wants—what we all want—is not

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only a world of security and peace but also the enhancement of the human spirit in all its potential freedom, dignity, and creative force. That must be the work of an entire civilization. It will require the writer to take part in the realm of practical affairs. It may also require him to reconsider the relationship of all aspiration to the reality with which it must come to terms. Perhaps some of the values most vital to scholar, writer, and reader cannot, in any culture, be found in the practical world but only in imaginative learning and art; and perhaps it is by keeping the aspiration alive and clear that literature, as such, becomes a practical force.

WILLARD THORP
Associate Professor of English, Princeton University

I CAN only agree with what Mr. MacLeish says in The Irresponsibles and regret the situation which he sets forth. There may be some point, if we can hope to amend that situation, in looking further into the causes which have produced it. I should like to suggest two subsidiary reasons why American scholars feel themselves justified in their irresponsibility—which they designate by such sanctified terms as "scholarly aloofness," "dispassionateness," and "devotion to permanent values."

In the first place, the American scholar, especially in the private institutions of learning, is not master in his own house. Our private universities are controlled by trustees or overseers, a system of government handed down from colonial days, which is now altogether antiquated and ridiculous. It is tacitly assumed by trustees and faculty members alike that no group of feckless scholars is capable of governing its own concerns, whether that entails the safe investment of funds or decisions on educational policy.

The scholar, thus refused, and then presently not desiring, the full responsibility for the destiny of his smaller world, rationalizes his position. That responsibility, he argues, would be a needless burden. His larger responsibility is to the scholarly ideal, to ultimate truth. All he asks is to be let alone to pursue that ideal with an incorruptible devotion. To yield to the exigencies of one's time would be to admit one's corruption.

As Mr. MacLeish implies, the scholar in letters is trained to irresponsibility by the Ph.D. process to which almost anyone who hopes to succeed in the profession must now subject himself. There was a time when it was possible for critics to hold professorial chairs in literature. This is no longer true, save in rare instances. There is now one road to success; the graduate seminar, the Ph.D. oral, the published article, the research project, the monograph, the paper read at the meeting of the learned society, are the milestones along the road. This elaborate process of achievement has developed into a ritual, the faithful performance of which becomes all-important and brings a sense of accomplishment.

A part of the ritual prescribes the proper attitude the scholar must take toward the author he has chosen for a lifetime's investigation. He has been trained to avoid passing judgment on the ideas of Milton or Dryden or Johnson; it is his function to set them forth but not to treat them as if they were contemporary with him or to try to determine their present validity. He prefers to neglect, for a more lofty pursuit, that portion of his author's career which was turned toward the world of his time. He produces a picture of Arnold or Wordsworth which is an image of himself. In this picture Arnold, the highly serious poet, becomes a vastly more valuable person than the author of "Culture and Anarchy."

In the Wind

BEFORE HIS recent speech on American foreign policy Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh held a series of private conferences with William R. Castle, former Under Secretary of State. One of Herbert Hoover's representatives also participated in the discussions. They met in New York.

ALTHOUGH ITS burial won't be officially announced for some time, the La Follette Anti-Labor-Spy bill is dead. There may be further talk about it at this session, but it will probably never reach a House vote. "National defense" excitement killed it.

JOE McWILLIAMS, leader of the Christian Mobilizers, will be a candidate for Congress this fall. He is running in New York's Eighteenth Congressional District, which includes Yorkville. It will be New York's first election campaign on an anti-Semitic program.

THE MILWAUKEE *JOURNAL* recently carried this Associated Press dispatch: "James H. R. Cromwell, United States minister to Canada, announced Monday that he would resign his post May 21." The dispatch was headlined (by mistake) "Public Improvement Promised."

WHEN THE documentary anti-war film "Lights Out in Europe" was shown in Boston, censors approved it with one qualification. All scenes showing corpses had to be eliminated at Sunday presentations.

A PUBLICITY MAN'S nightmare was exemplified by the closing of Ernest Hemingway's play, "The Fifth Column." With the phrase "fifth column" splashed over every newspaper, it looked as if the play would have an indefinite life. But Franchot Tone had a bad throat.

IN THE Harvard Law School announcement of courses for 1939-40 this item appeared: "International Law (omitted 1939-40)."

WHILE THEY aren't saying so publicly, relief officials see the armament program as a virtual—if temporary—end to their headaches. One Washington official has privately estimated that seven million potential relief clients will be taken care of by the program.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE President's speech to Congress was undoubtedly the most brilliant piece of political strategy and the most adroit use of a given situation that have ever been seen in this country. Franklin Roosevelt has a veritable genius for timing, for seizing upon an event and exploiting it to the full for his administrative or political purposes. He accurately sensed the horror and alarm in the public mind at the developments in Holland, Belgium, and France and achieved what he wanted with the maximum of speed and ease. No President was ever applauded more warmly by Congress, or more overwhelmingly supported.

When all this is said, however, it does not follow that the President was fair in his presentation of the situation or that the program which he asked for can be executed in a short period and without a terrific burden of expense. Indeed, I think his speech was in many ways a typical Rooseveltian performance—embarking the country on a huge economic program before the proposal had been thought through. It came very close, through its half-truths, to misleading the public. I am not accusing him of any deliberate deception, or of insincerity. Far from it. I have reason to know that he is worried greatly by the fear of foreign invasion and that he has been in this frame of mind for some time past. None the less, many of the things he said are likely to arouse false hopes about what can be done to defend the country; they also misrepresent the actual danger of an invasion from overseas.

Take, for example, his statements as to the time it takes to fly from once-distant points to the United States. He said that it is only six hours by air from the fjords of Greenland to New England and that modern planes starting from the Cape Verde Islands can be over Brazil in seven hours. Those are true statements; individual aviators can unquestionably do this. But they have left in the mind of the reading public the idea that great masses of planes could come over at any moment from these distant places, bomb us, and then go back. That, of course, is not the case. The Germans are fighting like mad to obtain air bases in Holland and France which will be only twenty or fifty miles from England. They have found that even with their advanced aviation they cannot effectively bomb England from the more distant German bases. And what is equally important, only a year or so ago Admiral Leahy, then the head of our navy, testified that the fortification of Guam would be no menace to Japan because no bombers then existent could fly from Guam to Japan—750 miles.

What the President forgot to tell the country is that when a squadron of bombers leaves its base it leaves behind it hangars, machine shops, great depots of bombs and machine-gun ammunition, supplies of the highest-grade octane gasoline, a ground force of thirty men to every pilot, and a spare pilot for every machine. In other words, an air base must be practically a small town, if the bombing squadron is of any size. The Germans are reported to be changing their plane engines after each long flight and actually doing it in the phenomenal time of five minutes—this on the statement made to me by an American who timed such a change in Berlin last August. Obviously, to establish an air base like this takes a large number of laborers in addition to the skilled mechanics, and if the base is overseas there must be a number of steamships in service to transport all the necessary material. The establishment of any such base would not only take time; it would require so much open preparation that it could not be concealed in any country in South or Central America. These are some of the things that Mr. Roosevelt forgot to tell the American people when he led them to believe that bombers could fly up here from Mexico in two or three hours. Nor did he point out that if a few sporadic bombers came over this country they could achieve no worth-while military objective, though unquestionably they might kill and destroy.

Only a year ago a high official in Washington told me that if Hitler pressed a button on his desk, 1,500 German bombers could be in Rio de Janeiro next day. I repeated this to some experts and they declared it preposterous. If the official had stopped to consider how many landing fields there were in Rio de Janeiro he never would have made such a statement. Of course he overlooked the fact that there are no aviation shops, no trained ground forces, no reserve engines or machine tools, and not many mechanics in the city. In this he displayed the same superficiality of thought of which the President has been guilty. Finally, I think the President ought to have told the public what Captain Whiting, a lifelong naval flier, said to the New England Aviation Conference at Hartford on May 18—namely, that if 10,000 of the 50,000 planes asked for should be awarded to the navy, no fewer than 300,000 ground men and 20,000 pilots would be needed, which is considerably more than twice the number of officers and men now in the navy for its every purpose. In short, 50,000 planes will mean 1,600,000 pilots and ground men!

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BOOKS and the ARTS

THE WHOLE OF HOUSMAN

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

IN 1894 A. E. Housman, having been given a manuscript of his brother's poems to read, sent that prolific author a minutely detailed criticism that included the following sentences:

> What makes many of your poems more obscure than they need be is that you do not put yourself in the reader's place and consider how, and at what stage, that man of sorrows is to find out what it is all about. You are behind the scenes and know all the data; but he knows only what you tell him. It appears . . . that in writing that precious croon you had in your head some meaning of which you did not suffer to escape one drop into what you wrote: you treat us as Nebuchadnezzar did the Chaldeans, and expect us to find out the dream as well as the interpretation.

The irony here requires no italics. Two years later Housman published the book that sped his fame through the English-speaking world. "A Shropshire Lad" caught the pathos of its generation; its accents of loss and regret are fixed in the consciousness of all modern readers, and its croon has been judged sufficiently precious; but the grimly disciplined poignance that forms its claim and appeal to the world, though sometimes quavering toward intimacy or revelation, remained to the end of Housman's life masked and inscrutable.

That inscrutability was the mark and habit of his character. By the age of thirty-seven he had set his back implacably on the vivacity of spirit that had once made him the gayest member of his family. He had weathered the crushing blow of failure in Greats at Oxford; he had fallen under the "heavy change" that made him a stranger to his relatives. Ten years of drudging service in the Patent Office had passed like a slow purgatory, varied only by solitary labor under the gas lamps of the British Museum, where he won the mastery of classical texts that was rewarded in 1892 by the Latin professorship at the University of London. Long before he reached the middle of his road, Housman had withdrawn into the secret fastness of his nature. Robinson alone among modern poets offers a comparable figure of mute austerity; Conrad's abrupt check to intimacy or confidence in his personal writings becomes almost genial by contrast. "Can you get him to talk? I can't!" cried Robert Bridges on one occasion; and when Housman was told that Wilfrid Blunt, speaking in his diaries of a visit from the poet, had said, "He would, I think, be quite silent if he were allowed to be," he answered, "That is absolutely true."

Silence is the initial condition of Housman's poetry *, as it was the token of a painful diminution of personality that befell him at the outset of adult life. His verse was set from the beginning, by an almost violent mandate, in a fixed and deliberate mold. It offers no characteristic modern pattern of growth, experiment, and discovery. Only Hardy's shows as undeviating an identity from first to last. His distance from the great poets of tragedy or pessimism—agonized, rebellious, impressionable—is great: not only from Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Villon, for whom he expressed a distaste, or from Heine, whose continuous influence brought so little of the German's critical wit and exhilaration into his lyrics, or from Arnold and Hardy, whom he admired above all his contemporaries, but from Pascal and Leopardi, those two stricken witnesses of the dark abyss and the frightening heavens, whom he "studied with admiration" and whose anguished vision and starlit shudders are sometimes caught in his own finest songs. Beyond any of these brothers in darkness he stifled his agony before the mystery and fatality of life. His lyrics speak from the threshold of silence itself. Had their discipline become as absolute as the one he imposed on his practical emotions, his poems would have receded wholly into the reserve that marked Housman's outward character.

That discipline was as final as any poet, short of the defeat of his gifts, could make it. Housman's first problem as a lyrist was to perfect a form and language exactly expressive of the extreme mandate of will he imposed on his sensibility. He once admitted Heine, Shakespeare's songs, and the Border ballads as his models but was "surprised" at the imputation of Latin and Greek influences. But these cannot be slighted. Housman's whole temper, recognizing its suspension between an active poetic impulse and a willed surrender of it, between an instinctive fervor for life and a tragic denial of its value, sharpens toward irony, seeks resolution in the ambiguity of epigram, and tends to express the ingrowth of its forces and the tension of its faculties in a salient virtue of the Latin lyric style—its integrity of structure, its verbal and tonal unity, its delicate stasis of form. What it gave him—as did the Elizabethans, among whom he once called Jonson his master—were the interlocking balances and inversions of phrase, the distributed reference in nouns and pronouns, the hovering ambiguity of particles, the reflexive dependence of verbs and subjects that give his stanzas their tightness and pith. Had he coerced a purely modern and explicit English into these structures he would have produced a language continuously—instead of intermittently—stilted. But here one of his strongest sympathies came to his rescue—his love of folk speech. The aphoristic tang and irony of peasant idiom, grafted to the sophistication of the Horatian style, relaxed his temper, freed it from formulated stiffness and cliché, and gave Housman his true and single medium as a poet—a verse style marked by a

* "The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman." Henry Holt and Company. $3.

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subtle irony of tragic suggestion, a tensile integrity of phrasing, a sense of haunting human appeals playing against the grim inexorability of law. In that medium, rising above the inertness of a formula and the desperate repression of his impulses, he wrote his finest poems.

These, now that his work stands complete, no longer appear in some of his most quoted lyrics, those that cast his thought into the inflexibly didactic form that is always the bane of a negative temperament. The lesser Housman, the one most vulnerable to parody, imitation, and personal attack, is seen wherever his lyric style hardens into such inflexibility and his pessimism into the hortatory despair that becomes by inversion sentimental. Originally, it appears, Housman had an extremely uncertain taste in words and meters. He was fond of the singsong lilt or chant used in rather tawdry and superficial poems like Atys, The Land of Biscay, and "Far known to sea and shore." Of Atys ("Lydians, lords of Hermus river, Sifters of the golden loam") he once said that he was so fond of the rhythm that he always doubted the merit of any poem in which he succumbed to its attraction. He came to guard himself from that music as he guarded his emotional impulses from the appeals of common life and friendship. At both ends of his narrow lyric range, as at both ends of his emotional character, he exercised a ruthless vigilance: here from the spontaneity of feelings that had to be canceled, there from the violence of a censorship so strong that it could end not merely in silence but in emotional paralysis and the logic of suicide. Recoiling from instinctive music or feeling, he produced poems of an opposite extreme: of a deadly and inverted romanticism, of a pessimism so imperative and bare of realistic qualities that they produce a repellent travesty of his talent. Here the Latinized concentration bristles with guards to emotion, and starkness of vision becomes as cloying as the lines in which he rings changes on the ale, the lads, the night, the noose, and the gallows to the point of comic surfeit. It appears at its worst in "Think no more, lad," The Welsh Marches, "Say, lads, have you things to do," "Others I am not the first," "The laws of God," "Yonder see the morning blink," The Immortal Part, and The Culprit. The authentic part of his talent demanded escape from confines as laming as these, and it is only when he gives some voice to the instinctive delight of his senses, to memories of lost youth, or to responses to nature, that he arrives at the finer sincerity of "With rue my heart," On Wenlock Edge, "Far in a western brookland," and The Merry Guide. He succeeds best of all when the repressed emotion becomes externalized, released from an iron-clad vigilance, adopts a dramatic mask or situation, and so takes on the life and pathos of genuine lyric realism: when, in Bredon Hill, Hughley Steeple, "Is my team plowing," "To an athlete," "I to my perils," "In valleys green and still," and "With seed the sowers scatter," he resolves the hostilities of his nature to their finest delicacy and harmony, avoids both the curt asperity and the occasional Aeschylean pomp of which he was capable, and contributes exquisite poems to the English lyric tradition.

They succeed, moreover, in revealing and relaxing the enigmatic nature of the man who wrote them and in dissolving the contradiction that gave him his quality as a character. They make credible the tyrant of Latin texts who could flay rivals or sycophants alive, yet who led a life of painful loneliness and who, given evidences of affection, described their effect as "almost overwhelming"; the solitary who called himself a Cyrenaic but who favored Epicureans above Stoics; the critic who disliked democracy and defended slavery but who protested the tyranny of the laws of God and man and pleaded for the felon taken to prison "for the color of his hair"; the man who enjoyed bitterness and kept notebooks carefully indexing his vituperations but who saw himself in T. E. Lawrence's words as stricken by "a craving to be liked—so strong and nervous that . . . the terror of failure in an effort so important made me shrink from trying"; the recluse who was contemptuous of comfort and flattery but who told a young American admirer, "Certainly I have never regretted the publication of my poems. The reputation which they brought me, though it gives me no lively pleasure, is something like a mattress interposed between me and the hard ground."

He was complex obviously and an eccentric certainly, a personality of laming deficiencies and self-persecuting logic; a lyric artist of the most limited order. He lends himself almost naively to J. Bronowski's attack (in "The Poet's Defense") as a victim of inverted sentiment from whose "welter of standards" little emerges but a cancelation of feelings almost antiphonal in regularity and as a self-belittler who took evasive refuge in negations of life, of emotion, of the nature and meaning of poetry itself. Housman's admirers have done him the disservice of blind adulation; his detractors, with the added cooperation of his own perverseness and inconsistency of temperament, will go to inevitable extremes. There are even severer measures of his stature. The cry of despair has sounded in modern poetry, as in ancient, with an anguish but also with an illumination that Housman seldom or never attains. "Wer wenn ich schriee, hörte mich denn aus der Engel Ordnungen?" "Selfwrung, selfstrung, sheathe- and shelterless, thoughts against thoughts in groans grind." "I must lie down where all the ladders start In the foul rag-and-bone shop of my heart." "L'Irréparable ronge avec sa dent maudite Notre âme." Of the protest, intensity, and courage of these castings down of spirit he dared little, and his loss in range and force of character is inevitable.

Yet as we now see Housman in his full stature, as the obscurity of his temperament begins to wane, so also the exacerbation of his emotion and his evasion of responsible feeling begin to take on the alleviation of what at its best becomes a subtle and ennobling lyric dignity, a mastery of selfhood and of style that surmounts the imposed denials of his life and the implacable tragedy he saw there but, having seen and faced it, refused to disguise from himself. What that tragedy was is too much a part of the complex of his nature and his poems to bear crude expression, but this much he makes unmistakable: it was his realization that he was destined to live a life deprived of human love. That fact, implicit everywhere, is written clearly enough into the poems on pages 28, 66, 68, 114, 187, 221, and 233. Whatever irresolution exists in his book is a reflection of the contradiction imposed on his faculties by nature itself; the pervading frustration resulted from an intelligence that permitted no blinkers before the fact. But concealed in Hous-

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man's nature, masked by his forbidding exterior and his scholarly isolation, existed the true stuff of the poet, once free and impulsive but surviving even its later curtailment, and he was strong enough to make of that conflict the strength and charm of his poems. The science and realism that permit us to see the errors or defects of men also impose the responsibility of understanding them. Outside his poems Housman made that understanding difficult enough, and even inside his verse the slightest comparison with Baudelaire and Hopkins, Yeats and Rilke, immediately gives the measure of his lower station. Yet if he ate of the shadow so long that he became something of the shadow of a man, he at least refused to lapse into sullen silence over the whole wretched business of existence. His endurance was the sign of his character, and the lyrics he wrested from grief and discipline are the mark of his true, if minor, genius. He is one of the most complete instances in literature of the man determined to live by will alone, and his lyrics too often reveal what the discipline of will does to a poet. Yet the discipline was real, and its reward came when his suppressed forces broke from him in the form of an exact and exquisite art. It saved him from languor and annihilation, and in the complete book of his songs, standing between the perils of sense and insistence of death, are the lyrics that hold their permanent beauty. They sufficiently redeem his title as a poet and bring to mind what his friend A. C. Benson once said in assaying the talent of Edward Fitzgerald, a fellow-sharer with Housman of the melancholy shadows of life:

> The process of estimating the character even of the best of men must be of the nature of addition and subtraction. It is the final total that is our main concern. . . . There can be little question on which side the balance lies. We may regret the want of strenuousness, the overdeveloped sensibility, which led him to live constantly in the pathos of the past, the pain of the contemplation of perishable sweetness. But we may be thankful . . . that the long, quiet years were not misspent which produced, if so rarely, delicate flowers of genius. To enrich the world with one imperishable poem, to make music of some of the saddest and darkest doubts that haunt the mind of man—this is what many far busier and more concentrated lives fail to do. . . . To touch despair with beauty—this is to bear a part in the work of consoling men, of reconciling fate, of enlightening doom, of interpreting the vast and awful mind of God. Truth itself can do no more than hint at the larger hope.

After the Peace

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By Alfred M. Bingham. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

THE continent of Europe like a great magnet has been drawing our attention since the conference in Munich. With the invasion of the Low Countries it is difficult to think of anything else. Yet the news which comes to us is bent by censorship, distorted by propaganda, rewoven by commentators. We have had few dependable facts about Europe for a long time—the best proof of which is the erroneous conclusions we formed about the defense of Finland, the defense of Norway, and the internal weakness of Germany. We have been misled by oratorical contrasts between the slave psychology of the totalitarians and the superior initiative of free men. Lately, however, the slaves have been showing most of the initiative.

From these mountains of information and misinformation we build our generalizations. In making them each one adds a cartload of his own previous prejudices and fixed ideas. The result is an edifice of abstractions wonderful to behold. An analogy which comes to my mind is that of a very tall lighthouse, pierced with a multitude of windows and bathed in drifting fog. At every window is an American, seeing something which no one else sees in quite the same way. Each window represents a picture of Europe.

Here is the picture of Hitler the monster, moving to devour the planet. If he is not stopped, we shall all be engulfed. Here, at a different level, is the picture of the old, old struggle for power in Europe, with Germany making another bid for dominance and Britain and France trying again to thwart it, while Italy and Russia wait to see which way the cat is going to jump. Hitler becomes only an incident in an ancient and bloody game. Here is the picture of an ideological clash between two systems, one called totalitarianism, the other democracy. Here is the picture of European man at last overcome by his machines. Spengler once looked through this window and wrote "The Decline of the West." Here is a picture which frames a complete blank, leading the onlooker to the conclusion that there is nothing in Europe worthy of attention by the United States. There are many more windows giving equally contradictory results. Dorothy Thompson is shouting out of one; Hamilton Fish out of another directly opposite.

The sad thing is that no window gives an adequate world picture. We haven't the facts upon which to base competent generalizations. What do we know, for instance, about the real relations between the governments of Russia and Germany, Russia and Italy, Germany and Italy? Most of us lack the mental techniques to order the facts if we had them. Our logical processes are distorted by a primitive language structure and by emotion. There is something going on over there too huge and cloudy for us to grasp.

There is one outlook, well toward the top of the tower, at which I sometimes sit and peer and which Alfred Bingham seems to have frequented as he wrote "The United States of Europe." What we glimpse through the clouds is this: Technology has tended to forge a unified economy in Europe, as it has in North America. Both continents are bound together internally by a network of power lines, railways, highways, waterways. In North America the technological realities are permitted relative freedom of action by our political organization. In Europe, on the other hand, the technological structure is frustrated by the political structure. Five great powers wrestle for supremacy within this limited, interlocked area, knocking over a score of lesser sovereignties as they struggle.

A political structure which was workable, if not altogether happy, in the pre-power, pre-bombing-plane age, is no longer workable. Its nemesis has come. It had to come. Somehow, the people of Europe must reorganize their political life to give passage to the flow of food, raw materials, and energy, or they must go down into the pit. The balance-of-power

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formula is no longer tenable. Rival armed sovereign states are no longer tenable. As a federated continent they might fight with other continents and survive, but when they fight among themselves, it becomes in effect a civil war in which they bomb, blast, and shatter their own subsistence. From this window, the German attack on the Low Countries seems as self-destructive as an armed assault by New York on Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Whichever side wins this war, it must establish a workable federation of the continent, or Europe will become an abode of cave men. It cannot be long held together by sheer force of arms and squads of secret police. It is impossible to operate a high-energy economy on that basis. A federation designed by the Allies would undoubtedly be better than one designed by the Germans. But God help both sides if no design is made at all.

Mr. Bingham has given careful attention to a practical design. Here it is in barest outline:

1. The power of European national states to make war on each other must be ended. Therefore all the great powers must disarm and join a United States of Europe. The smaller nations will come in automatically, including those in North Africa and the Near East. Russia need not join.

2. There must be a federal air force, army, and navy to maintain the peace of the continent.

3. There should be a Colonial Administration to supervise all colonies held by European nations and provide ready access to raw materials by all members. The mandate technique of the League of Nations can be helpful here.

4. The federal government shall have power to balance the Continental economy by undertaking public works, by tariff controls, by supervision of railways, posts, telephone, telegraph, radio, rivers and harbors, and commercial flying. It shall work toward the establishment of a unified currency.

5. The federal government shall have the power to tax its member states.

6. Machinery must be set up to protect national minorities, to provide for easy migration with property intact, and to insure against persecution. Complete civil liberties will not be possible at the beginning.

7. The federation should have a Department of Foreign Relations to deal with countries outside Europe, and might well experiment with three legislative bodies: one representing cultural groups—Slavs, Scandinavians, etc.; one representing member states; one representing population—"all possessing certain drawbacks."

Mr. Bingham is well aware of the difficulties, and the unknown variables, in this program. He does not offer a rigid formula, but rather a tentative and exploratory one. His long residence abroad makes him especially wary of hard-and-fast rules. Taking the available facts into consideration, he says in effect: "Is this not the place where the argument can begin?" It strikes me as the best foundation for further discussion I have yet seen—far superior to Mr. Streit's complicated geography. Europe is a unit now, though most Europeans are unaware of the fact. Our author goes on to explore the possibilities of a world union arising out of a federated Europe, Russia, Asia, and a federation of the Americas. This sounds remoter than ever today, and he admits it will not come tomorrow.

Mr. Bingham's approach is shrewd, realistic, hard-boiled, yet charged with humanity. He has been called an isolationist—that curious label without a living referent. Yet what he is trying to do is to find a formula by which the people of Europe may some day save themselves. I think that this is probably more helpful than joining the current civil war and seeing how many of them we can kill.

STUART CHASE

History of the German Army

THE GERMAN ARMY. By Herbert Rosinski. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MR. ROSINSKI'S book is not, as its title might imply, a study of the Nazi army, but a brief history of the standing armies of Germany from the earliest times, with special reference to the social status of the German officer since the rise of Prussia. So large a field could, of course, be only superficially surveyed in this compass, but Mr. Rosinski, who has been a lecturer in the Berlin War Office and at German military and naval academies and was a founder of the German Society of Military Sciences, brings complete competence to this, his first book to appear in English. He is now connected with the British Department of Information. Nearly half of the volume deals with the World War and the post-war period. It stops, however, before the present struggle, which is the more regrettable since Mr. Rosinski's opinion about the functioning of the Hitler army would be of special value at this crucial hour.

In discussing German defeat in the World War, Mr. Rosinski lays the chief responsibility at the door, not of the second Moltke, who so gravely weakened the Schlieffen plan, but of Moltke's successor, General von Falkenhayn, who failed to resume the offensive after the Marne. The German army had for generations been trained to rapid mobile warfare. When the Schlieffen plan failed through no fault of its author, Von Falkenhayn threw the army machine permanently out of gear, on September 15, 1914, by assuming the defensive. A fresh advance before the lines were frozen into an immobility of four years was by no means beyond possibility. Mr. Rosinski quotes the very able Field Marshal Haeseler—who was too old to take the field in 1914—as saying that the trench warfare would never have come to pass "if we had not been led by such deplorable incompetence."

As for Ludendorff, Mr. Rosinski speaks of his "blind fanaticism, primitive outlook, his coarseness of thought, and massive materialism, painfully evident where he tries to deal with spiritual forces." Considered Schlieffen's "most brilliant pupil," Ludendorff could carry out the principles of his master in Russia, but failed wholly when he had to try to adapt himself to the war of immobility on the western front. Mr. Rosinski declares that Hindenburg's and Ludendorff's interference in political affairs invariably produced results opposite to those sought.

Discussing the present service, Mr. Rosinski admirably brings out that under the republic the efforts to deceive the Allies and evade the Treaty of Versailles created an atmosphere of deceit and intrigue in the army itself. "The officer," he says, "was taught that it was his duty to deceive not only the

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enemy but his own government." Whether this persists under Hitler's regime, Mr. Rosinski does not say. If it does, it is bound to be a factor of great importance in the event that things begin to go wrong in the face of a powerful enemy.

Mr. Rosinski describes succinctly and accurately the undercover struggle that has been going on, and still continues, between the Nazis and the army, and shows how the former have almost invariably outplayed the slower-witted military. Engrossed in the hasty building of a huge army, the military leaders, Mr. Rosinski says, failed to realize that their concentration on that task prevented them from dealing adequately with the political situation and handicapped them in their incessant underground struggle with the Nazi leaders.

Two important points brought out by Mr. Rosinski are, first, that the mass increase of the army has destroyed the old homogeneity and extraordinary efficiency of the little Reichswehr of the republic; and, second, that in its worship of the new idea of a "total war," with total mobilization of the whole country and its resources, the army has abandoned all its previous theories in favor of the creation of "a purely mechanical centralized control." Mr. Rosinski quotes a "leading person" as saying to him in 1936: "Among our elder staff officers the idea of being prepared for every emergency has developed such fantastic notions of the supplies needed that, if these gentlemen had their way, within three years the whole of Germany would be nothing but a gigantic munition dump, with a single private left to guard it!" It would not be difficult to show that we are well on the same road in the War Department in Washington.

Unfortunately, Mr. Rosinski's book is badly translated and inefficiently edited and is without an index. Why must such publishers send out a sloppy book? It does not help, for example, to read on one page that Clausewitz's first publication was "more than a hundred years ago" and five pages farther on that it was "more than sixty years ago."

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Never the Life

MARGARET FULLER: WHETSTONE OF GENIUS. By Mason Wade. The Viking Press. $3.50.

"YOU might not always have been sympathetic with her," Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt once remarked on Margaret Fuller, and this has always seemed a delicate phrase. Coming, indeed, from a source of compassion in itself both international and seasonless, undeterred neither by climate nor custom, wind, storm, nor dark of night, this is perhaps a most magnificent stipulation. And despite the efforts of a series of noted commentators from Emerson and Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," down through Katharine Anthony, Margaret Bell, and now Mr. Wade himself, it is still problematical whether we are sympathetic with Margaret Fuller even most of the time. Pretentious if noble, arrogant if emancipated, radical but romantic, with her "habit" of castigating her friends (and others), her apparent monopoly of genius, her "mountainous me" and brain fevers, Margaret Fuller fulfilled Martineau's description of a gorgeous pedant. Was it a role worth playing? "With the intellect I always have, always shall, overcome," Margaret herself confessed; "but . . . the life, the life! O, my God! shall the life never be sweet?"

By and large, I'd say, it never really was, though Mr. Wade tries to make it so. Scholarly, intelligent, his study builds up the most generous portrait possible of this tragic career, and in a curious way that is the trouble with it. Perhaps a less tolerant account might have given us a more acute picture. Like our country, Margaret Fuller was probably more often wrong than right, but right or wrong she was always Margaret Fuller, and this sense of her vitality which marked Katharine Anthony's biography in 1920 is lacking here, so that the older study still seems to me actually a better human history. Miss Anthony's work was of course avowedly "psychological" (what biography can afford not to be?), while Mr. Wade eschews what he terms "the first wave of literary Freudianism." Is there much of a distinction? "The vision of the trampling horses," says Miss Anthony about Margaret's adolescent conflicts, "is an erotic fantasy common among hysterical maidens." "The trampling horses," says Mr. Wade, "which commonly figure in the dreams of adolescent girls and hysterical women, suggest that Margaret was sexually precocious. . . . " The "second wave" hasn't changed very much, though Mr. Wade seems

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to have a Freudian—or at least a literary—resistance to accepting the groundwork provided him.

This is understandable to be sure, and while we often complain that our neighbors don't really listen to us, it might make us uneasy if they really did. Since 1920, moreover, there has been much revaluation of Margaret Fuller's period, and Mr. Wade does give us a solider and integrated study of the Transcendental movements and offshoots surrounding his heroine—the sections on Margaret's Conversations, the *Dial*, and Hawthorne are excellent. And viewing transcendentalism through the eyes of Margaret Fuller herself throws a new and valuable, if less flattering, light upon some of its manifestations. Through her, indeed, its self-consciousness becomes clearer, its literary origins, its evasions and essentially sterile individualism, its seeking of the good life much too strongly ever to achieve it. Reading the pages of Van Wyck Brooks, Odell Shepard, and Mr. Wade, one cannot help feeling the attraction of this brief and haunted cultural flowering. But it is equally impossible not to feel its remoteness from that "cotton-spinning, dollar-hunting, canting and shrieking, very wretched generation" which just then was opening up a continent while these folk discussed divination versus experience.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Granville Hicks in 2040

THE FIRST TO AWAKEN. By Granville Hicks with Richard M. Bennett. Modern Age Books. $2.50.

WHAT will the world be like a hundred years from now? Always a fascinating speculation, it has sired such fictional accounts as Poe's "Mellonta Tauta," Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Morris's "News from Nowhere," Wells's "Time Machine" and "Things to Come," Huxley's "Brave New World"—to say nothing of Buck Rogers—and now "The First to Awaken." Mr. Hicks's inter-century traveler, a typical middle-class, middle-aged New Englander, put to sleep in a secret vault in 1940, wakes up in 2040 to view a Norman Bel Geddes landscape, streamlined, mechanized, inhabited by a super-society of happy, healthy, peaceful, thoroughly rational human beings (they don't even ask him to indorse a cigarette or run for President). They owe their contentment to elaborate social planning from which they derive all the economic advantages of regimentation without sacrificing any of the priceless benefits of individual freedom—a state, needless to say, which ought to satisfy anybody. Unfortunately, books like this almost inevitably fall into the pattern of question and answer, like a minstrel team, and even though Mr. Hicks enlivens his pages with drawings by his collaborator, sprightly allusions to people and events of our own time, and an apparatus of pseudo-scholarly footnotes, the tempo of the story lags somewhat: the Elysian social structure of 2040 and the history of the intervening years sound none too plausible, and the gadgets, for the most part, are not sensational enough to vie with disintegrator pistols or interplanetary rocket-ships. Nevertheless, reading about 2040 *à la* Hicks is incomparably more reassuring than reading about 1940 as the newspapers see it (censored at the source). Incidentally, newspapers are virtually eliminated in 2040.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

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3753 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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RECORDS

ONE turns to Smetana's String Quartet "From My Life" not for the impact of greatness but for the charm and loveliness of its flow of Czech-flavored melody, the piquancy of its Czech rhythms. Columbia's new set (M-405, $6) offers a performance by the Curtis String Quartet that is admirable in its warmth and spirit, and that is well recorded. The group also reveals technical competence in such matters as tone, intonation, precision; but what one encounters in the Victor set of Dvorak's Sextet Opus 48 (M-661, $8) is the sheer incandescence of the Budapest Quartet and its two assisting players. This work, however, is not equal to the Smetana Quartet or to the best of Dvorak himself.

To the existing versions of Beethoven's beautiful Sonata Opus 24 for violin and piano Columbia adds another (M-404, $5). Taken by itself this performance by Jeno Lener and Louis Kentner is very fine; comparing it with the Busch-Serkin performance I find that while Lener's tone is more beautiful than Busch's there is more brightness and life in the sound of Serkin's piano than in the sound of Kentner's; moreover in the Busch-Serkin performance—and also in the Goldberg-Kraus—I find a greater suavity of style, which I prefer for this work; and outstanding, finally, in the Busch-Serkin performance is the unanimity of feeling and execution of another great ensemble team.

The music from Handel's "Alcina" recorded for Columbia by Weingartner with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (X-164, $3.50) includes most of the Ballet Music—some of it charming—that Mengelberg recorded with the New York Philharmonic years ago, and also the Dream Music, now recorded for the first time, and some of it strikingly imaginative. The performance is excellent, the recording good, if not quite as fine as in the recent Weingartner sets of Handel *concerti grossi*.

On a Columbia single (69841-D, $1.50) is Gieseking's superb performance of "L'Ile joyeuse," which for me is not one of Debussy's best works, but which amounts to infinitely more than his "Pagodes" on the reverse side. The performances are excellently recorded, except for the *pianissimo* g-sharp octaves in the bass at the top of page 11 of "L'Ile joyeuse," which are not recorded at all. The Concerto for harpsichord and organ by Soler, an obscure eighteenth-century composer, on another single (69842-D, $1.50), I find quite uninteresting; the performance by Gerlin and Pierront and the recording are good. As for the single of Stravinsky's "Baiser de la fée," it arrived broken.

Victor's outstanding orchestral release for May, I would say, is the record of Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 1 (15945, $2). This is not the best of the "Leonore" overtures, but it has wonderful moments—or at any rate moments that are wonderful in Toscanini's marvelous performance. Agreeably surprised by the unusually fine recording that Victor had achieved I glanced at the label to get the number and discovered that Toscanini had made the record not, as I had assumed, with the N. B. C. Symphony during his recent Beethoven cycle but with the B. B. C. Symphony in London.

As for Koussevitzky's set of Schumann's Symphony No. 1 (M-655, $8), the weakness of Schumann's symphonies that one reads about constantly is his ineffective and faulty use of the orchestra, so that what should be prominent is often obscured, what should be brilliant is often dull, and so on. This has led conductors to make changes in the orchestration; and it provided Frederick Stock, many years ago, with the excuse for not merely distributing the musical substance of the Symphony No. 3 among different orchestral instruments but changing the substance itself—adding measures, introducing new counterpoint, substituting a new coda at the end, altering rhythms, displacing accents—in all as presumptuous and tasteless a job as any that Stokowski has been guilty of. But this weakness of Schumann has been exaggerated: Toscanini has shown repeatedly that without changing anything in the score a skilful conductor can make everything stand out clearly and sound well; and Koussevitzky shows this in his performance of the Symphony No. 1. And the ineffective scoring of the musical substance is not very important compared with the inferiority of the musical ideas themselves, which is what really makes Schumann's symphonies inferior to his songs and works for piano. The Symphony No. 1 has a beautiful slow movement and fine moments in other movements; but no amount of excellence in performance—and Koussevitzky's performance has a great amount—can conceal the feebleness of the rest. The recording is a little over-brilliant and reverberant in the way many Boston Symphony recordings are.

I mentioned recently the bad rattle on the second side of the Victor set of Roy Harris's Symphony No. 3. This rattle was the distortion I had said previously was to be heard on the second side of the Victor set of "La Mer"; and I should have mentioned that it was to be heard also in the slow movement of the Haydn sonata played by Ernst Victor Wolff on Columbia, and in the H. M. V. recording, issued here by Victor, of Schubert's A major Sonata played by Schnabel. The technical people I asked about this said it was due to the overcutting they showed me on the records: the cutting needle of the recording apparatus had swung too far laterally. This would not happen, they said, if the companies recorded at a low volume level and depended on amplification by the phonograph to step the volume up. It would not happen if they recorded in this way for electrical phonographs and at a high volume level for the large number of acoustic phonographs that are still in use and that are incapable of stepping volume up or down. It does happen because the companies produce one record for both acoustic and electrical reproduction.

B. H. HAGGIN

[CORRECTION: In the article entitled Don Sturzo's Liberal Catholicism, by G. A. Borgese, in *The Nation* of April 27, a sentence which should have read, "A society with justice and freedom cannot but be a society of intellectual criticism without a field reserved to authoritarianism or totalitarianism of any kind," appeared through a printer's error with the "but" omitted.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Letters to the Editors

Fifth-Column Experts

Dear Sirs: The appointment of the former Austrian Bundeschancellor Dr. Arthur Seyss-Inquart as governor of the Netherlands is highly interesting if one knows the fifth-column background. For many years Dr. Seyss-Inquart has been very intimate with one of the leading Nazis in the Netherlands—Dr. Rost van Tonningen, chief deputy of the "Führer" of the Dutch Nazis, Anton Mussert, and editor of the Dutch Nazi journal *Nationale Dagblad*. The circle around Dr. van Tonningen and Anton Mussert has played an important role as a fifth column in the Netherlands.

The new governor, Dr. Seyss Inquart, worked with Dr. van Tonningen for many years in Vienna, where the latter was League of Nations controller for Austrian finances until 1936. The finance dictator van Tonningen and the secret Nazi Seyss-Inquart often had conferences concerning the Austrian Anschluss. Their discussions were sometimes shared by Dr. Franz von Papen, fifth-column "expert" since his work in the United States in the first World War. After the annexation of Austria Hitler appointed Dr. Seyss-Inquart, first, Bundeschancellor, later German Minister Without Portfolio, in appreciation of his "merits." After the occupation of Poland he was made deputy governor of the occupied area.

Van Tonningen came to Berlin immediately after his dismissal as finance controller for the League of Nations in 1936. There he had many conferences with the Nazi leaders before beginning his fifth-column work in his Dutch homeland, and even after. He will probably soon be allotted a more important role in the Netherlands under the Nazi regime—as "reward for his merits."

R. M. W. KEMPNER,
Formerly Legal Adviser,
Police Department, Berlin

Philadelphia, Pa., May 22

Civil Disobedience and the Indian Army

Dear Sirs: The usually well-informed *Nation* was grievously in error in stating in its issue of April 27: "In preparation for the showdown over civil disobedience practically all native Indian troops have been moved out of the country." The native Indian army, exclusive of white troops, at full war strength, totals approximately 250,000 men, of which at the present time less than 80,000 are serving outside India. The Indian police forces, totaling roughly 35,000 men, of whom less than 3,000 are white officers and sergeants, cannot be sent "out of the country" under any circumstances. During the last civil-disobedience campaign native police forces, led by white officers, were largely used to subdue rioters, and although "brutal repression," to use your own term, is largely a matter of opinion, there was little bloodshed or organized terrorism. Troops of the Indian army were not used for this purpose for the simple reason that such troops are invariably composed of races inimical to the Hindu majority, such as Sikhs, Dogras, Punjabis, Pathans, and others, whose delight in cracking a few Hindu heads would not have added to the growth of peace and order in India or facilitated the task of responsible British officials, some of whom, I can assure you, are genuinely anxious to aid a decent and fair measure of self-government in that country.

GEOFFREY A. BALDWIN

San Francisco, Cal., May 21

Mr. Haggin Explains

Dear Sirs: A man who in effect accuses me of carelessness and unfairness in my treatment of Victor's leaflets, as Lawrence K. Rosinger did recently, may be expected to give what I wrote about them the careful reading that constitutes the minimum of fairness to me. With such careful reading he would have seen that what I referred to as "vastly more pretentious" was not technical discussions and musical notations but the technical discussions and musical notation with which I said the writer of the leaflets made a pretense of knowledge and actually revealed ignorance.

If I did not point out that some of the other material was pretentious in the same sense, this was not because I overlooked it but because I had only limited space which I preferred to use for what I considered most important. It is the work of art itself that is important, not any historical facts about it; and it does not matter to me, therefore, what interesting facts the reader is told about the composer and his period if he is told things about the music that will mislead or confuse him as he listens to it. For this reason I did speak of the non-technical statement about the "rhapsodic exultation" in the slow movement of Schubert's Quintet Opus 163—a statement which may be significant to Mr. Rosinger but which attributes a wrong significance to the music.

Perhaps Mr. Rosinger will now understand why my tone was so sharp. I wasn't being witty in that last remark; I was being angry; and anger for good cause has a place in *The Nation*.

New York, May 11 B. H. HAGGIN

Good Writing

Dear Sirs: Will you please convey to Keith Hutchison for me my congratulations on his constant clarity and good, simple writing. He makes the subject of money, which I believe most of us find dull or complicated or both, alive and understandable.

I particularly enjoyed and was enlightened by his review of J. M. Keynes's book in the issue of May 4. He seems to understand the difference between clear writing and oversimplification. LOWELL BREADY

Santa Cruz, Cal., May 20

Pacifists Against Society

Dear Sirs: In reply to the letter in your May 11 issue from Lucille B. Milner about pacifists in war time, I should like to say that for pacifists to fuss about whether they are going to be fairly treated is contrary to the whole idea of pacifism. The pacifist, by opposing methods of force and violence, becomes the open and declared foe of the state in war time. He refuses to support the law of the land. If, on top of this, he also expects to be well treated, he is reversing the admonition to love your enemy and demanding that his enemies love him. In other words, he is asking that they live up to *his* principles, which they have, at least for the time being, renounced.

Why should the pacifist's opponents tolerate or try to understand his point of view when they have abandoned the peaceful means of settling disputes on which the pacifist insists? How can the pacifist expect the belligerents to play

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ball with him under such circumstances? The two camps, belligerent and pacifist, simply don't talk the same language. When war comes and violence is legally and socially sanctioned, the pacifist is in the position of a minority that seeks to obstruct, defy, break, or possibly resist the law.

The pacifist in war time refuses to abide by majority rule. He puts his own law, the law of his conscience, above the law of his country. He pits himself against society. He will not defend his country by means of violence even when his country's flag may be in danger. Therefore it is easy to understand how those who are willing to fight and give their lives for patriotic reasons, or who otherwise uphold war, can regard pacifists as traitors and anarchists.

For the pacifist to hope that when the emotions of his countrymen are aroused by war fever and when his country is engaged in what it regards as a just and imperative crusade, people are going to take much trouble to listen to his views or to sympathize with his plight strikes one as incredibly naive. Of course, the pacifist attitude isn't going to be understood in war time. It is barely tolerated even now. Naturally pacifists will be condemned and perhaps persecuted. In the obituaries of George Lansbury I have seen his Peace Pledge Union described as the "defeatist arm of Britain's 'fifth column.'" Pacifists in England are being rounded up by Scotland Yard now. Those who oppose the war are liable to fines and seven years' penal servitude. England has been more lenient to its conscientious objectors than other countries; so we need not go into how they are dealt with in France and elsewhere. The point is that to be a pacifist nowadays is hardly to be in tune with the spirit of the times. And for this failure to keep in step with the crowd the pacifist must be prepared to pay the penalty.

ANNE E. MOFFETT

Atlantic City, N. J., May 17

Sidewalk Sketch

Dear Sirs: I am a girl thirteen years old, and would like to tell you about a recent experience with a member of the New York police force.

Upon leaving the circus on its opening night, I overheard a man saying something about a strike of the "roughnecks"—later I found that there were pickets which I hadn't seen—so I went up to a fat, rosy-cheeked cop and asked him how long the circus people had been on strike and what they were striking about.

With a sneer he replied in a thick Irish brogue: "A red, hey?" "Not quite," I said, somewhat shocked by his sudden outburst, "I only wanted to—" "What are you then? Only a dirty red would want to know that." I was furious and was just about to say "Only a member of the Christian front would say that," but my companion tugged at my arm and we walked away. Maybe there should be a closer check-up of the New York police force—not by Martin Dies.

KATHERINE WEISS

New York, May 8

Medals for Civilians

Dear Sirs: In the press within the past few weeks two items have taken my attention. First, Eleanor Roosevelt, writing of the banquet at which *The Nation* presented her with an award, mentioned that William Allen White was present and said some very interesting things which she would carry home to the President. The second was a small item saying that the President had presented the Congressional Medal of Honor to George M. Cohan for writing "Over There" and another patriotic song during World War I.

I am all for honoring George Cohan, but why has this Congressional Medal not been awarded more frequently to men and women in civilian life who have made real contributions to American life and culture? Why not an award of the Congressional Medal to William Allen White? Or to that peerless First Lady of All Time—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt?

At least we might put our leading citizens on an equality with the army, navy, and marines when it comes to awarding this highest decoration an American can receive—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

C. R. BODEN

Hollywood, Cal., May 18

Mr. Mayer Was Right

Dear Sirs: Arthur Mayer was perfectly right in his Who Wants Good Movies? in your issue of April 20. Another diehard and myself poopoohed older and wiser heads, and produced "The Fight for Peace" a couple of years ago. While the critics raved, audiences were notable by their absence on the few occasions when we could get dates. Our distributor is ashamed to report the grosses, or maybe he can't afford the stamps, but it is well under $5,000. The picture cost three times that.

HERBERT L. BREGSTEIN

Hollywood, Cal., May 12

Willard Gibbs's Life

Dear Sirs: I am at work on a biography of Willard Gibbs, the American physicist, and I shall be grateful for any material that will contribute to a clearer knowledge of his life and times—recollections, letters, photographs, and the like.

Please address all communications to me at Doubleday, Doran and Company, 14 West Forty-ninth Street, New York City.

MURIEL RUKEYSER

New York, May 16

Henry Mussey's Letters

Dear Sirs: I am making a collection of the letters of Henry Raymond Mussey. I would appreciate it if you or any of your readers having letters from him or anything written by him would send them to me in care of the Wellesley College Library, Wellesley, Massachusetts. All originals will be copied and returned if requested.

VIRGINIA MUSSEY

Wellesley, Mass., May 20

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